Letter Depicts Lincoln After Booth's Crime

A hitherto unpublished account of the death of Abraham Lincoln, written by a member of his cabinet who was present at his bedside, has been obtained by the library of congress. This became known today.

The new account is in a letter from John P. Usher, Lincoln's secretary of the interior, to his wife, written on April 18, 1865. It was obtained by the library from Mrs. Wesley Taylor, a descendant of Usher's.

The cabinet officer, according to the letter, as soon as he heard of the tragedy, went immediately to the house ~~opposite~~ opposite Ford's theater, to which the wounded President had been carried. There in a small back room he found "Stanton, McCullough, and Mr. Welles with the surgeons, four or five in number. Oglesby and Farnsworth of Delaware were there: John Hay and four or five others, Sumner, and Colfax with the number."

The letter continues with an account of Mrs. Lincoln's grief. "Soon," it says, "Mrs. Lincoln came in and the scene that then occurred beggars description. She implored him to speak to her and said she did not want to go to the theater that night, but that he thought he must go because people would be expecting him, as he had been so extensively advertised--which the villains had done. She called for little Tad and said she knew he would speak to him because he loved him so well and, after indulging in dreadful incoherence for some time, was finally persuaded to leave the room."

Mr. Usher declared "the deeds at Seward's were, if possible, the most dastardly of all."

Seward, secretary of state, was stabbed in the throat in an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate him as he lay sick in bed.

The letter closes with the observation that "in the murder of Lincoln the rebels have lost their best friend. They may expect from the President (Johnson) a rigid enforcement of law and the leaders but little mercy."

----The Chicago Tribune. February 10, 1931.

Captain A. D. Barber.

Several friends gathered Tuesday evening at the home of Capt. A. D. Barber, Civil War veteran, to offer their felicitations and spend a pleasant evening on the occasion of the eighty-fifth birthday of this sterling citizen.

Capt. Barber is one of the few now living who was personally acquainted with our martyred president, Abraham Lincoln, and it is one of his fondest moments when he recalls the days down in Pittsfield, Pike county, when Abe Lincoln used to come there and stay at their home.

Capt. Barber is of old pioneer stock. His father, Austin Barber, aided Col. Ross in laying out Pike county and the city of Pittsfield when that section was still more or less of a wilderness. He can vividly remember Abraham Lincoln when as a lad of seventeen he sat listening to the homely philosophies of the man who has attained the highest honor and esteem in the history of the United States.

Although eighty-five years of age, A. D. Barber still walks with a military erectness, and is interested in life about him. The political life of his state and nation has always held great interestfor him, especially everything that savors strongly of the Republican party.

During the day on Tuesday the captain was the recipient of numerous greetings and well-wishings. Those friends who sought his company in the evening spent an enjoyable time in visiting and playing cards. They were served with refreshments by Mrs. Geo. Barber. It was also of interest to note the presence of four generations of the Barber family. Capt. A. D. Barber, his two sons, George and Ed, his grandson, Francis, and his great granddaughter, the five-year old Aloise.

----The Hamilton, Ill., Press. Printed in the Pike County Republican of February 11, 1931.

Personal Memories of Abraham Lincoln.

I stood at the second story window of Robert Johnson's home in Arch Street, just above Ninth in Philadelphia. The sidewalks, windows and wherever possible, even the house-tops were covered with people. All the city was tense with excitement, for Abraham Lincoln on his way to Washington to his inaugural was to pass through. We heard louder and louder the music of the band. Then the voices were hushed and all faces turned down the street. Back of the band came a barouche. Standing in it was a tall man holding a bouquet in his hand. As he appeared the wave of cheers rolled up the street and pistols were fired and hats and handkerchiefs waved. Mr. Lincoln bowed right and left, and the procession passed on.

It was reported that above Broad Street a man rushed at Mr. Lincoln and was arrested, but was dragged from the police by the crowd and disappeared.

The next morning at six o'clock Mr. Lincoln spoke from the steps of the old State House at Sixth and Chestnut. In the belfrey over his head hung the old bell that had rung out the Declaration of Independence. It bore the inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, and unto all the inhabitants thereof," Under it stood the man who by freeing the slaves was to obey that command.

Then Mr. Lincoln took the train for Harrisburg, where he was expected to spend the night, returning to Philadelphia the next morning and going through Baltimore to Washington. The mob in Baltimore declared that he could not go through their vity alive. The people in Philadelphia went to bed in fear of what might happen in Baltimore. That night a tall man got out of the train at Philadelphia and took a hack to the station down Broad Street, from which at that time the trains for Washington started. No one recognized him. The next morning we read that Lincoln was in Washington.

The next time that I saw Lincoln, war was under way. Camps lined both sides of the railroad track, between Baltimore and Washington. The firelight from one camp reached to another. It was late when we reached Washington. Troops were being rushed to the front and the front was near the city. We could hear the cannon. The cavalry stables in Washington had been set on fire. Loose horses were dashing about the streets. We had been directed by a Baltomore man to the home of Mrs. Mary Surratt, who kept a small boarding house. We found her in a state of excitement. She said that she could give us rooms over night, but that the confederates would capture Washington the

next day and she would need her rooms for confederate officers. We declined her offer and found rooms in a hotel. The next day all was quiet. The basement of the Capitol was used as an immense bakery, and the army wagons ploughed through the mud in Pennsylvania Avenue and carried out tens of thousands of loaves of bread to our army every day.

There was areception at the White House a few days later and a line of people extended several hundred yards from the front door. It was a singular assembly. There were common soldiers, high officials and handsomely dressed ladies all kept in line by special officers. The procession moved on. We went directly to the Blue Room and went out through the great Red Room. There in the Blue Room stood Abraham Lincoln and his wife shaking hands with every one. I stood staring up at Mr. Lincoln till the usher said, "move on." No one was allowed to stop and chech the procession. It was said that the next day Mr. Lincoln carried his swollen hand in a sling.

The next time I saw Abraham Lincoln I was at a window in New York. The streets were filled with a silent crowd. Even whispering ceased as the procession moved up, and there were tears in many eyes that lingered after Lincoln's funeral passed on.

----by Rev. J. deHart Bruen. From the National Republic of April, 1930.

Abe Lincoln at Church Soon After Nominated.

An interesting incident connected with the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for President at the Chicago Wigwam in 1860, came to light today. It was revealed by Mrs. Albert DeWolf Erskine Sr., prominent society woman, and relates to Lincoln's attending services at St. James's Episcopal church, North Wabash and Huron street, just after his nomination.

"Just after Lincoln's nomination," said Mrs. Erskine, discussing the incident, "he came to St. James's church for the morning services. He sat in a pew about half way up and the center aisle on the right side. Our family pew was directly back of where he sat.

"Lincoln was attentive to the service, but during the sermon by Dr. Clarkson, then rector of St. James, he became lost in thought and leaned forward to play with a large tassel that hung on the hood of a cloak worn by the woman sitting in front of him. My childish fear was that she might turn around and show some indignation, but she never knew how honored that tassel had been."

Lincoln attended services at St. James's several times. Mrs. Erskine has recorded the incident of the tassel in a letter which has been placed in the historical records of St. James's church.

----Chicago Daily Times. June 30, 1932.

A Book That Lincoln Borrowed.

Despite its commonplace appearance, I felt instinctively that this was no ordinary book I held in my hands. It had been handed to me by Dr. Charles A. Gage, whose superb Lincoln collection was recently purchased by The Economy Book Store. He had handed it to me silently, but possibly something in his manner had prepared me for what was to come. Or maybe there is some basis of fact in the often expressed opinion that past associations leave an ineradicable impression on inanimate objects.

Whatever the reason, I felt a strange thrill at holding this copy of "Vestiges of Creation" in my hands.

"Does it interest you?" asked Dr. Gage after a pause. "If it doesn't now, it will when you hear its history. That Book," and he paused for emphasis, "That book was borrowed by Abraham Lincoln from the library of his brother-in-law, Judge Ninian Edwards. It has passed through but two other handsfrom the time Edward's library was broken up after his death, up to the time I secured it a few years ago."

No wonder I had thrilled to the touch of its yellowed pages and its scuffed binding.

I was holding a book that had actually been read by, handled by, and exerted an influence upon Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln's love of books was his most widely known characteristic. Every schoolboy knows the stories of Lincoln's struggles to acquire an education, and how he would walk miles in any kind of weather to borrow a book. This love remained with him throughout his life, and there remained also, through most of his adult years, the necessity to borrow them.

Small wonder then, that he availed himself to the fullest of Judge Ninian Edwards' generous offer of the freedom of his library. Lincoln was free to borrow any book Judge Edwards had on his shelves, and he was a frequent visitor, and borrowed books constantly during the years 1856 to 1860, while he was practicing law in Springfield, Illinois.

Edwards was Lincoln's close friend, and brother-in-law, and this act of generosity on his part knit the ties of friendship closer than could any other act.

On one of his frequent visits to the Edwards home, Lincoln pulled a book from his coat pocket, handed it to Edwards and said:

"Ninian, I borrowed this book from the shelves of your library, and I have read it with great care. I thank you for that book; it has saved my faith in God."

It was a little 16mo volume entitled "Vestiges of Creation."

It was the very copy I was holding in my hands.

Of all the books Abraham Lincoln must have borrowed and read from the library of Ninian Edwards, this is one of the few which today can be identified as being the identical copy that he had read. The circumstances of its history after the dispersion of Edwards' library make it possible to be certain of this fact.

After the death of Ninian Edwards, his library was purchased by a Mr. French, a dealer in old books. "Vestiges of Creation" was purchased from him by Mr. J. T. Shoup, from whom Dr. Gage secured it several years ago. Thus it has been owned by only three persons, including Dr. Gage, from the time the Edwards' library was broken up, until the present. What its future history will be is a matter of conjecture, as it is again up for sale.

I should like to digress for a moment, to mention another book which has passed through the same hands, and which, although without the thrilling associations of "Vestiges of Creation" is never-the-less an exceedingly interesting association item. Thisis a two-volume edition of Motley's "Life of John of Barneveld," bound in full calf. On the front fly-leaf is the inscription "From Mrs. Abraham Lincoln to Hon. N. H. Edwards," in Mrs. Lincoln's own handwriting. It is probable that this work was also read by Abraham Lincoln as it is a biography which would doubtless have appealed to him. However, there is no proof of this, and a definite statement as to the correctness of this conjecture would be impossible.

There are proofs aplenty, however, that the copy of "Vestiges of Creation" which Dr. Gage showed me is the identical copy of the book that exerted such a strong influence on Abraham Lincoln's life. Accompanying the book is a sworn statement listing in detail the facts which ascertain this beyond all doubt.

----by Paul Fox. The Economy Spectator published by the Economy Book Store, Chicago, Ill. November, 1931.

Errand Boy for Lincoln Denies Off-Color Tales.

Accusations that Abraham Lincoln told "off-color" stories and that he was an uncouth, scheming politician have been condemned as "absolutely false" by John Billington, 612 West Lawrence Avenue, among whose most cherished boyhood delights were catching handball or running errands for him.

At that time Lincoln's law office was on North Fifth Street above what is now the Stuart confectionery and was connected by a curtain from the office of Mr. Billington's father, William Billington, a civil engineer. For these things he declared the future president was very generous, often giving him fifty cents for running a few errands.

"I just liked being around him," continued Mr. Billington. "He one of the kindliest men I ever knew. He used to play handball over by Rudolph's opera house, located where the Chatterton opera house formerly stood and over near Pat Stanley's saloon at Carpenter and Rutledge streets." Both of these buildings, Mr. Billington explained, had a solid stretch of wall space unbroken by windows, which made them ideal places for the game, which consisted in throwing the ball to the wall and allowing it to bounce back. There it was that the admiring young boy, now a white-whiskered man of more than four-score years, would catch his balls.

The only gift that Mr. Lincoln ever gave him is a gold pencil case that is still one of his most treasured possessions despite the fact that during the intervening years it has been both lost and stepped upon.

From his home, which was located across the alley from the Lincoln residence, Mr. Billington had an opportunity to view the fine patience of his neighbor. Mrs. Lincoln, he said, was a high strung, nervous woman who frequently allowed her housecleaning or other activities to interfere with having her husband's lunch on time.

Asked if Lincoln's attitude toward his townsmen was changed by his nomination and election to the presidency, Mr. Billington declared that it was not.

"He was always just a common, ordinary man," he reiterated, "only he was unusually honest."

After two enlistments from which his father recalled him, Mr. Billington succeeded in getting into the Civil War when he was 17 years of age, just in time for the last nine months of fighting. He was in a battle at Kingston, N. C., that lasted for two nights and three days of rain,

and numerous skirmishes. Following the battle, he said, the entire army went away and left him on picket duty where he remained for four days until all his grub was gone. From his experience during those nine months, Mr. Billington carries an indelible impression of its ghastliness.

"I have no use for war," he said, "although I believe that we cannot get along without it. As long as time lasts, there will be war."

Following the war, Mr. Billington began a carpenter's trade, during which he helped to build the stairs in the first Leland Hotel. For sixteen years after that he worked on the Chicago and Alton railroad with the bridge gang between Lincoln and St. Louis. He was connected with William Deffenbaugh, carpenter and contractor, for 21 years until he entered business for himself, specializing in repair work.

For the success of his own business, he must thank the women, of whom he had 60 steady customers and many transients. Due to injuries received in the sleet storm in this city about eight years ago, Mr. Billington has since that time been working but half days in his shop, spending the remainder of the time walking in the open air. On July 13 of this year he will celebrate his eighty-fourth birthday anniversary.

----The Illinois State Register. Springfield, Illinois.
June 17, 1931.

Describes How Lincoln Heard of Nomination.

"Boys, I am nominated for your president," said the tall, dark complexioned man as he read the telegram. "We will finish playing this game and then I will go to my office."

The dark man was Abraham Lincoln and that is the exact manner with which he accepted news of his nomination, according to the statement of Jacob Williams who was then a spectator of the game of handball in progress between his uncle, Moses Horn, Mr. Lincoln and a man named Pat Johnson. The game was being played in an alley back of what was then John Carmody's grocery store and the young boy whom Lincoln called "Jake" occupied a bench near by.

Mr. Williams, now 87 years of age, and a Civil War veteran, knew Lincoln well, as did his father, a cabinet maker, who was "Sam" to "Abe." Their homes were only half-a-block apart and often the boy, Jacob, rode with his mother in a wagon from which she sold vegetables. Many times he saw the tall, quiet man out in the street playing marbles with the boys or whittling on what was known as C. M. Smith's corner at Sixth and Adams streets.

One of the Williams' family's most treasured possessions is a heavy wooden cane, probably a hickory stick, which Lincoln once carried.

"He was walking along a board walk," says Mr. Williams, relating the story, "when his cane caught in the cracks between the wood and broke off. My father was standing nearby and he extended the cane to him saying, 'Here, Sam, this cane is your size now, its too short for me.'"

"Mr. Lincoln was a great man. No finer person ever lived," declared Mr. Williams, denying recent stories that would rob the martyred president of his respected name. "He was a very wise man but he never spit out his wisdom, he kept it there," continued Mr. Williams with an eloquent gesture towards his forehead.

"Everybody knew and liked him. He spoke to everyone, no matter how lowly the other's condition. To me he would say, 'H'lo, my boy, how are you?' That was his favorite expression, 'how are you.' And he loved children. Whenever he heard a youngster swearing, he would call him aside and reprove him.

Mr. Williams enlisted in the Civil War on August 1, 1862, and was enrolled in Company D, 106th regiment of Illinois Infantry. While the company was at Pine Bluff, Ark., the president visited it, and Mr. Williams recalls vividly how the worried Lincoln endeavored to tell stories to cheer up the men, saying "It's all right, boys, we'll win if you stick with us."

---The Illinois State Register Springfield June 17, 1931

An eight-year study of the life of Abraham Lincoln, with the purpose of writing a novel about him, has shown that many of our pet beliefs about him are unfounded in fact. Indeed, Lincoln is the most lied about man in the world. I shall discuss the eight commonest Lincoln fallacies:

1. That he was a great rail splitter. Noah Brooks, an old Springfield friend of Lincoln's, was Washington correspondent for the Sacremento Union. As he was to have been secretary to Lincoln during the second administration, he presumably had an accurate mind. To Brooks, with whom he was riding through the woods, Lincoln said that "although he had undue credit for rail splitting, he did not remember splitting many rails in his life. In fact, rail fences were not in his line at all; but he was proud, he said, of his record as a woodsman.

"Somebody reminded him that he had authenticated some rails as of his splitting, during the Lincoln and Hamlin campaign. 'No, I didn't,' he replied. 'They brought those rails in where I was, with a great hurrah, and what I did say was that if I ever split any rails on the piece of ground that those rails came from (and I was not sure whether I had or not), I was sure that those were the rails.'"

2. That he wore only badly fitting black frock-coat suits and a rusty high hat. As to this misconception, my father, who had been a drummer boy at Shiloh, once told me: "I saw Lincoln in January, 1865, standing at a street corner in Washington, talking to Seward. And let me tell you that he was a magnificent-looking human being; emperor of the commonalty, he was, and he looked it! He had a big gray cape wrapped 'round him and wore a dark felt hat... Your generation's Lincoln! A stuffed shirt made by county-fair orators!"

Lincoln's wife, who loved good clothes and wore them, saw to it that her husband was properly dressed. A picture of him taken in the summer of 1860 in Springfield shows him wearing a white linen suit. A man who saw that picture taken, and who heard some of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, told me that Lincoln wore a snuff-colored, short-coated suit during one debate, again white linen, and once a blue suit with brass buttons. My grandmother once talked to Lincoln in Washington, and she insisted that he was a very well-dressed man. "He wore a well-starched linen

coat and pants and a plush waist-coat of lum color." William Russell, famous British war correspondent, wrote in his diary in 1861: "I met the President on the street. He wore a suit of gray, with a felt hat." My father wrote in a letter, in the winter of 1864, that he had seen Lincoln wearing a fashionably cut blue chinchilla coat and a brand-new silk hat of the latest mode, with buff-colored gloves. "He looks very much the well-dressed gentleman."

3. That he had no religion. This rag-tag must have been based on the fact that Lincoln professed no particular creed, although he attended the Presbyterian Church. But if by religion one means a faith in an overruling Providence to Whom individuals and nations alike are accountable, Lincoln possessed religion of a high order. One has only to read his public utterances:

"It is the duty of nations, as well as of men, to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God; to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow, yet with the assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon; and to recognize the sublime truth announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord:

"And, insomuch as we know that by His divine law, nations, like individuals, are subjected to punishments and chastisements in this world, may we not justly fear that the awful calamity of civil war which now desolates the land may be but a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people? We have grown in numbers, wealth, and power, as no other nation has ever grown; but we have forgotten God.

"We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied and enriched us; and we have vainly imagined that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us."

He then designated April 30, 1863, as a day of fasting and prayer: "All this being done in sincerity and truth, let us then rest humbly in the hope authorized by divine teaching, that the united cry of the nation be heard on high..."

From his first inaugural: "Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Himwho has never yet forsaken this favored land...." Thanksgiving Proclamation, 1862: "It is meet and right to recognize and confess the presence of the Almighty Father and the power of His hand equally in these triumphs and in these sorrows...."

If Abraham Lincoln had no religion, then he was a deep hypocrite!

4. That he knew but one poem. To comprehend fully this stupidity, you must realize that poetry was far more important to his generation than to ours. Poetry was news in that period. The ability to quote verse, not only classic verse but the latest from Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson, Stedman, Bryant, Holmes, was an important part of the educated man's equipment.

General Viele tells us that on the night boat down to Fortress Monroe, Lincoln quoted poetry for hours--Byron and Browning and Shapespeare. John Hay, his secretary, states, "Lincoln loved Burns." He was fond of Tom Hood's "Haunted House" and of Whittier's poems, and Bryant's, and of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

Brooks tells us: "One November day, when we were out driving, some aspect of the scene recalled 'The Last Leaf' to his mind, and he recited the whole poem. Then he enlarged upon the pathos, wit, and humor of Holmes." Lincoln said one morning to F. B. Carpenter, the artist, who spent six months in the White House, apropos of Edwin Booth's appearance in "Hamlet": "There is one passage of that play which is very apt to be slurred over by the actor, which seems to me the choicest part of the play. It is the soliloquy of the king after the murder." "Then," says Carpenter, "the President, throwing himself into the very spirit of the scene, took up the words

O! my offense is rank, it smells to heaven;

and went on for 36 lines, entirely from memory, with a feeling and appreciation unsurpassed by anything I have witnessed on the stage."

5. That he told obscene stories. For years I have tried to run down one of the obscene tales, but as yet I've not found one. I have heard more lewd jokes at an evening party of the self-styled Intelligentsia in New York than Lincoln probably used in his whole life!

This is a fair sample of Lincoln's stories that I did find: On a certain evening, Lincoln left his stovepipe hat on a chair in Stanton's reception room. On his return, a very fat woman rose from the place to bow to the President. Lincoln returned the bow, then, walking behind her, picked up the remains of the hat and said, shaking his head sadly, "Madam, I could have told you that my hat wouldn't fit you before you tried it on!"

His so-called sexstories would scarcely offend a nun. A. K. McClure wanted Lincoln to give Governor Curtin a foreign mission. "But," said the President, "I'm in the position of young Sheridan when old Sheridan called him to task for his rakish conduct, and said to him that he must take a wife, to which the young Sheridan replied, 'Very well, Father, but whose wife shall I take?' It's all very well to say that I will give Curtin a mission, but whose mission am I to take?"

William Stoddard, Lincoln's secretary, calls attention to the fact that Lincoln, the teetotaler, was constantly accused of telling dirty stories while drunk. Stoddard adds that he had been with the President, day after day, and "failed to hear any of these objectionable stories.... As for a vast number of the so-called jokes attributed to him, Lincoln has never so much as heard them."

The artist, Carpenter, wrote: "Mr. Lincoln, I am convinced, has been greatly wronged in this respect. Every foul-mouthed man in the country gave currency to the slime and filth in his own imagination by attributing it to the President.... During the entire period of my stay in the White House, after witnessing his intercourse with nearly all classes of men, I cannot recollect to have heard him relate a circumstance to any one of them which would have been out of place in a lady's drawing room. Dr. Stone, his family physician, came in one day to see my portraits. Sitting in front of that of the President, with whom he did not sympathize politically, he remarked with much feeling: 'It is the province of the physician to probe deeply into the interior lives of men, and I affirm that Mr. Lincoln is the purest-hearted man with whom I ever came in contact.' Secretary Seward expressed the same sentiment in still stronger language."

I. N. Arnold, member of Congress from Illinois, old and intimate friend of Lincoln, states: "I saw him constantly for many years before he went to Washington, and there I saw him almost daily, and although his anecdotes

were witty and pointed beyond all comparison with others, yet I never heard one of a character to need palliation or excuse." John George Nicolay, John Hay, Charles Dana, Noah Brooks, all are as succinct as Arnold in cleansing Lincoln's memory of this taint. We are too apt to forget that Lincoln was a politician and that he had bitter enemies who were glad to give circulation to evil reports about him. As a sample of this bitterness, Stanton, before he was made Secretary of War, always spoke of Lincoln as the Illinois Gorilla. One excited orator, reported in a New York paper, called the President a harlot! And Stoddard, who opened Lincoln's mail, says the letters "tell of partisan bitterness and personal hatred; of the most venomous malice; of low, slanderous meannesses."

6. That he never lost his temper. Stoddard wrote in his diary: "He will go into the President's room and he will come out: and when he comes through the door there will be a strange vision of a large foot just behind him, suggesting to any navy constructor the idea of a propeller." In other words, Mr. Lincoln is about to kick out of his office a notorious gambler who has tried to bribe him.

The usual conception is that Lincoln had utter patience and never showed irritation. Yet there are numerous evidences that, as he settled more and more into the heavy harness of his office, it galled him. John Hay in his diary quotes Lincoln upon one occasion: "....Into my room one day walked Field and Opdycke and began a new attack on me to remove Seward. For once, I rather gave my temper the rein, and I talked to those men pretty d--d plainly."

Consider the stress under which Lincoln worked. All day long, month after month, his anteroom was packed with persons to see the President. Lincoln saw them. He believed that his time belonged to the people. Many imposed on this fine democracy of his. None knew it better than Lincoln. Carpenter, for example, tells of an army officer who had been cashiered, and who carried his grievance to Lincoln. Lincoln's comment was that, upon his own evidence, the case did not warrant executive interference. A day or so later the man appeared with the same tale, and received the same comment from the President. Yet a third time he forced his way to Lincoln's desk, and was heard with forbearance. Finally the officer exclaimed, 'Well, Mr. President, I see you are fully determined not to do me justice!'

"Lincoln rose and seized the officer by the coat collar marched him forcibly to the door, saying, as he ejected him, 'Sir! I give you fair warning never to show yourself

in this room again. I can bear censure, but not insult.'"

7. That he had no love of nature. In the winter woods, just after a snowfall, Noah Brooks found Lincoln standing on the stump of a tree looking out over the landscape. The President called attention to the various subtle features of the view, and said, among other things, that he "liked the trees best when they were not in leaf, as their anatomy could then be studied." And he bade Brooks look at the delicate yet firm outline of a leafless tree against the sky. Then, pointing to the fine network of shadows cast on the snow by the branches and twigs, he said that that was the profile of the tree...."

In my reading I came upon several other comments made by Lincoln redolent of the woods and of a nature which he knew and loved. But none was more touching nor to me more authentic than the anecdote my mother gave me. It was told her by her distant relative, William Cullen Bryant, who, alack, was no admirer of Lincoln. Nevertheless, he said that he had been much touched by the President's quoting to him:

I have heard the mavis singing
It's love-song to the morn;
I have seen the dewdrop clinging
To the rose just newly born.

"And," added Lincoln, "having experienced that, a man carries about all the beauty of God's world in his remembrance."

8. That he was unhappily married. We have this fallacy, I suppose, simply because a tragic hero is so much bigger to the mind's eye than a happy one. A niece of the Lincolns', who lived with them for months on end, says emphatically that this was a happy marriage; that Abraham and Mary loved each other devotedly.

An episode related by a man who knew whereof he spoke gives the lie to this most obnoxious of all the rag-tags that conceal the real Lincoln. When this man was a boy he played with the Lincoln children. The boys got into the parlor one day during Mrs. Lincoln's absence and upset things. When Mrs. Lincoln came home she was very cross, and scolded them heartily. Lincoln came in and interfered on the boys' behalf. Instantly, Mrs. Lincoln turned on her husband: "But he only laughed, picked her up in his arms and kissed the daylights out of her. And she clung to him like a girl."

---by Honore Willsie Morrow. Condensed from The American Magazine of February, 1928. Published in The Readers Digest of March, 1928.

Finds Mystery Story Penned by Abe Lincoln.

Roger W. Barrett of Kenilworth, Illinois, a senior at the New Trier high school, yesterday stepped into the double role of historian and detective.

Young Barrett announced the discovery of a thrilling story written by Abraham Lincoln around the real life, "Trailor Murder Mystery" about which Lincoln said: "It may well be doubted whether a stranger affair ever really happened."

In addition to publishing the Lincoln story, young Barrett delved into the mystery of how a man returned to life after he was pronounced dead by Henry Trailor, who accused his two brothers of the murder.

Barrett explains the puzzle, which shook Abraham Lincoln's belief in circumstantial evidence, by the theory that Archibald Fisher, who was believed to have been the victem of the murder, underwent a cataleptic seizure from which he emerged after he was dumped into the water by his "murderers."

By permission of Barrett, the Sunday Times today prints on page 10 the original story as written by Abraham Lincoln and also Barrett's discussion and deductions, which he has issued in pamphlet form under the copyrighted title "A Strange Affair."

Roger W. Barrett is the son of Oliver R. Barrett, well-known attorney, a member of the law firm of Cooke, Sullivan & Ricks in the Strauss building. Attorney Barrett owns a large collection of original Lincoln manuscripts and letters. Roger, the son, who hopes to enter Princeton and intends to be a lawyer, became a Lincoln "fan" in his grammar school days.

One of the things in his father's library that interested him most was a letter written by Abraham Lincoln to Joshua Speed on June 19, 1841. Speed had been Lincoln's roommate in Springfield and had gone to Kentucky on a visit.

With his law partner, Judge Logan, Lincoln had just come from the defense of the three Trailor brothers. His letter to Speed aroused the the curiosity of the Kenilworth high school boy.

Henry Trailor had confessed that his brothers, Archibald and William, had murdered Archibald Fisher, and public sentiment probably would have brought about their conviction and death on the gallows had not Fisher himself appeared in life and created a sensation throughout the state.

Reading "The Life of Lincoln" by Ward H. Lamon, young Barrett came across this paragraph:

"In the summer of 1841, Mr. Lincoln was engaged in a curious case. The circumstances impressed him very deeply with the insufficiency and danger of 'circumstantial evidence,' so much so, that he not only wrote the account of it to Speed, but another more extended one, which was printed in a newspaper published at Quincy, Ill. His mind was full of it; he could think of nothing else."

Young Barrett determined to find, if possible, the extended account that Lincoln had given to the Quincy paper. With his father, he drove to Springfield and Quincy. After a long search, he found that the story as written by Lincoln had been printed in the Quincy Whig on April 15, 1846.

The editor of the Whig wrote this introduction to Abraham Lincoln's story:

"REMARKABLE CASE OF ARREST FOR MURDER.

("The following narrative has been handed us for publication by a member of the bar. There is no doubt of the truth of every fact stated; and the whole affair is of so extraordinary a character as to entitle it to publication, and commend it to the attention of those at present engaged in discussing reforms in criminal jurisprudence, and the abolition of capital punishment. --Ed. Whig.)

----The Chicago Daily Times. February 12, 1933.

An English View of Lincoln.

Some years ago there was a considerable row in England about a statue of Abraham Lincoln. It was not the statue which now stands in London, but one which was considered less complimentary. Now no Englishman has even begun to appreciate Abraham Lincoln who has not begun by wondering at so utterly strange a stranger. If his statue is to stand in London, it ought to be the statue of a stranger; nay, almost of a strange animal. The statue ought to strike us with the same sensation as that of meeting a grizzly bear in the Green Park. The most abrupt angles of advanced sculpture could hardly do justice to the abyss that separates his type from ours.

He was a great man, like Confucius, and a good man, like Uncle Remus; but he represented things as remote as their black and yellow races. He was no more an Anglo-Saxon than an Anglo-Indian; it would be rather more rational to compare him to a Red Indian. But, in truth, he was something so separated from England that new planes and new dimensions of art would be needed to express the difference.

I have lately been traveling in America, often lingering in small towns and wayside places; and in a curious and almost creepy fashion the great presence of Abraham Lincoln has continually grown upon me. I think it is necessary to linger a little in America, and especially in what many would call the most uninteresting parts of America, before this strong sense of a strange kind of greatness can grow upon the soul.

I am most inclined to say that if the original unpopular sculptor only made Lincoln ugly enough he was probably right. The complaints against the statue were that the upper lip was long and simian, that the hands hung large and loose, that the attitude was that of an anthropoid ape. All that sounds excellent. But I will not affirm that the sculptor conveyed the secret. Curiously enough, I feel as if it could be conveyed better by landscape than by sculpture. It is the landscape of America that conveys it most vividly to me, especially landscapes that would be avoided by a landscape-painter.

The externals of the Middle West affect an Englishman as ugly, and yet ugliness is not exactly the point. There are things in England that are quite as ugly, or uglier. A row of red brick villas in the suburbs of a town in the Midlands is as hideous as human half-wittedness could invent or endure. But they are different. They are complete; they are rounded and finished with an effect that may be smug, but is not raw. But American

ugliness is not complete even as ugliness. It is broken off short; it is ragged at the edges; even its worthy objects have around them a sort of halo of refuse.

There are polished corners in the English suburb. But there are no polished corners even in the great American cities. Nobody seems to mind the juxtaposition of unsightly things and important things. There is some deep difference of feeling about the need for completeness and harmony, and there is the same thing in the political and ethical life of the great western nation.

It was out of this landscape that the great President came, and one might almost trace a fanciful shadow of his figure in the thin trees and the stiff wooden pillars. A man of any imagination might look down these strange streets, with their frame houses filled with the latest conveniences and surrounded with the latest litter, till he could see approachingdown the long perspective that ungainly figure, with the preposterous stove-pipe hat and the rustic umbrella and deep melancholy eyes, the humor and the hard patienceand the heart that fed upon hope deferred.

That is admiring Abraham Lincoln, and it is admiring America. It is when the stranger has absorbed all the strangeness that he begins to understand a goodness that is not a mere imitation of the goodness of England; something expressed in an astonishing acceptance of the most incongruous people as "folks," a toleration of human beings in their shirt-sleeves; an acceptance of humanity in obtuse angles and awkward attitudes, a thing altogether indescribable in English except that it may be adumbrated in those two words "Abraham Lincoln."

Nowhere else in the world could a man of exactly that type have been a <u>great</u> man; he would at best have been a good man, generally derided as an exceedingly dowdy dunce or failure. It is the real glory of that great democracy that it did draw out the capacities of such a man and turn him into a democratic leader; a demagogue who was not a dandy or a shan gentleman; not a cynic or one condescending to the common people, but one all the more great for a streak of something that was common.

----Gilbert K. Chesterton. Condensed from The Illustrated London News of December 6, 1930. This extract is from the famous essayist's page "Our Notebook" appearing weekly in The Illustrated London News. Published in THE READER'S DIGEST of April, 1931.

I Saw and Heard Lincoln at Gettysburg.

George D. Gitt's eighty-five years have by no means dimmed his memory of either the Battle of Gettysburg or Lincoln's delivery of the Gettysburg Address. Even minor details of the latter event stand out, clear-cut, before Mr. Gitt's mind's eye as he looks back upon that November 19, 1863, when he stood at Lincoln's feet, beneath the speakers' platform, and looked up through a crack to observe the gestures of the great President and the play of emotion on his face. A few months before, only a short distance away from the thick of the Battle of Gettysburg, he had heard the rumble of the cannon; and he had looked upon the face of General Reynolds as his body was being removed from the battlefield on a spring wagon. At the Battle of Hanover, which was the prelude to Gettysburg, he had stood close by a cavalryman at the moment a fragment of shell cut away the unfortunate soldier's thigh, and then by a hair's breadth had dodged several bullets himself as he, with his brothers, ran about the fringes of the fight.

As everyone knows, the simplicity, the quiet kindliness which were so much a part of the great Lincoln, became more than ever manifest when he spoke those few classic words that make up the Gettysburg Address. But the writhings of soul of the magnanimous Lincoln, as revealed at that moment when private anxieties as well as the grave national crisis wrung his heart almost to the breaking point, lie recorded only in the memories of those few of us still living who saw and heard him on that Day of the Dedication, as November 19, 1863, is still called in and around Gettysburg.

This November 19 threescore and ten years will have passed away since the "Fourscore and seven years ago" address fell upon the ears of an assemblage that stood, as I well remember, motionless and silent. Many bowed their heads and, almost without exception, men doffed their hats. They mistook the speech for a prayer. A group of Negroes moaned forth as "Amen" in each pause.

I, a boy of fifteen, intent upon being as close to Lincoln as was physically possible without being on top of the platform, had concealed myself earlier in the day among the huge store boxes that formed the foundations of the structure; and during the delivery of the address I stood, with my heart in my mouth, literally at the feet of my hero.

Early in the evening of the previous day I had heard the shrill whistling of a locomotive at an hour when no train ever entered our little village of Hanover, which lies about fourteen miles east of Gettysburg and a mile or two farther north of the Mason-Dixon line. Immediately I hastened toward the station, but not alone, for others had heard the whistling and were equally curious.

To my vast surprise I discovered that the special train on which Lincoln was journeying to Gettysburg had developed a hot box, and was therefore being shunted from the main line into the Hanover siding.

Of course some had assumed that there would be no stop after a junction point ten miles to the east, and consequently, earlier in the day had gone there, hoping to get a glimpse of the President. But enough townsmen had remained at home so that within a few minutes after the first whistle blasts a crowd surrounded the coach in which Lincoln sat writing the latter part of his address, the top of his high hat serving as a make-shift desk.

There was no cheering. The babble of the crowd was subdued. The locomotive, with the forward car of which the offending axle was a part, rolled off to the repair shop. Then a voice was raised. "Father Abraham! Father Abraham! Come forth! Your children want to see you." The crowd gave way, and the minister of the village Lutheran church, one Rev. Alleman, continuing his appeal, stepped close to the coach.

A moment later Lincoln's tall figure appeared in the doorway. Stooping, so that the crown of his head would clear the lintel, he strode out on the platform, smiled sadly, and slowly descended to the lower step.

I was close by. In order that I might touch the skirts of Lincoln's coat, I squirmed beneath the coach and wriggled between its wheels, and as I emerged my shoulders brushed the President's knee. The great, kindly face looked down at me and again smiled wistfully, and the great, friendly hand patted my proud, happy head.

Thrilled and strangely moved, I forthwith made up my mind to go to Gettysburg the next day, even though I should have to walk.

With his eyes still fixed on me Lincoln began to speak; and while he spoke his thoughts seemed to be far away and unrelated to the words he uttered, for that day his mountainous troubles were peaked by a distressing anxiety due to the critical condition of his little son Tad.

After thanking the townspeople for being good enough to greet him, he referred to the fight which had taken place at Hanover on the day before the opening of the Battle of Gettysburg as the "prelude to one of the world's most momentous battles." He said it was his opinion that had not General Jeb Stuart been engaged by General Kilpatrick at Hanover and as a result been turned east, General Lee would have had the support, from the very beginning of the conflict at Gettysburg, of his best-trained and most effective cavalry forces under the command of his ablest general.

Scarcely had the train departedwhen two of my brothers and I sought out our father and succeeded in arranging for the use of our old family mare next day.

Early the next morning we were on our way. When we reached Gettysburg there was a parade in progress. Astride a large sorrel horse, Lincoln rode well forward in the procession, preceded by Colonel Graham and his Fifth New York Regiment of Artillery, and followed by an escort made up of Chief Marshall Ward H. Lamon, General Wright, General Doubleday, Brigadier General Mason, and their staffs.

In the van of the parade was a brass band; scattered through its length of less than a quarter mile were lodge delegations, regiments of cavalry and artillery, and other brass bands, while a host of folk from the surrounding countryside brought up the rear.

Becoming separated from my brothers, I hastened to the spot about to be dedicated as a national cemetery. There I hid under the speakers' stand.

Finally, when the parade had reached the cemetery and had disbanded and the platform was heavy with personages, official and unofficial, and Christ Church choir, which was ranged along the one side, began to chant, I discovered the whereabouts of Lincoln and stationed myself at the feet of my hero.

Through a crack between the planks I could look directly into Lincoln's face. Its deep lines, the wrinkled brow, the deep-set brooding eyes burned indellible images into my memory. Now, although a man of eighty-five, I still feel keenly those tuggings at the heart strings which seized me that autumn day when I gazed into the face of the President who knew more trials and tribulations than any other of our Chief Executives.

The pause that had followed the prayer by Dr. Stockton, chaplain of the House of Representatives, now gave way to stirrings-about above. I shifted my position to another crack close to the front of the platform. Edward Everett was unfolding the manuscript of his oration; but I was not interested. I returned to my former position.

Until Edward Everett began to speak the President gazed into space; and then, as the first period of that ornate oration, which was to consume an hour and twenty minutes, was uttered, he leaned from one side to the other and crossed his legs, turning his eyes full upon the speaker. Somewhat later he again shifted his position and rested his chin in the palm of his right hand. His eyes now wandered over the audience. Frequently he swallowed hard and tears welled as he spied the black weeds of some bereft mother or widow.

When Edward Everett finished speaking, Lincoln slowly took his hand from his chin, bent slightly forward, and very deliberately drew from an inner pocket of his coat a few flimsy pieces of paper. These he shuffled from hand to hand until the particular sheet he was seeking appeared. Leaning back in the chair again, but without recrossing his legs,

he intently studied what he had written on that sheet. The posture was characteristic, and some sculptor has long since given it permanency in bronze.

Tucking away the papers, he arose and very slowly stepped to the front of the platform. The flutter and motion of the crowd ceased the moment the President was on his feet. Such was the quiet that his footfalls, I remember very distinctly, woke echoes, and with the creaking of the boards it was as if some one were walking through the hallways of an empty house.

The crack through which for a moment or two I had glanced at Edward Everett I now found to be of no use, for Lincoln had stationed himself just a little in front of it, and only his coat tails were visible. An instant later, to my great relief, he stepped back a pace or two and again I could look up into that sad face with its furrowed brow. The brooding eyes now glowed with a strange light such as is sometimes provoked by a fever. Then, in a deep resonant voice, Lincoln began to speak. Word followed word so slowly that the value of each syllable was unduly magnified.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation"---here there was a decided pause; this pause I well remember because I held my breath, wondering what had happened to cause it---"conceived in liberty"---another pause and more high emphasis, this time on the word "liberty"---"and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Beginning with the next sentence he spoke more rapidly, but somewhere near the middle of the address he slowed again to the tempo of the opening words.

Now the group of Negroes off to one side, that had been wailing "Amens" in an undertone, lifted their voices higher and higher as the simple eloquence of Lincoln moved them. A number of them were weeping; others with closed eyes repeated phrases of the address.

The deep resonant voice continued: "...whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure." These words were spoken very slowly indeed. With the next sentence he quickened his delivery; and when he came to "gave the last full measure of devotion," tears trickled down his cheeks, and I could not help some welling up in my own eyes. Then he cleared his throat.

With a large white handkerchief, which he drew from the inner pocket of his coat and allowed to dangle for a moment from his right hand, he brushed away the tears and mopped his brow, and for the first time, as I remember, shifted his feet.

During the final phrases of the address I was thrilled as I had not been by all the previous sentences. It was

certainly not what he said that made me feel so, but the way and manner of his saying it.

With the address finished, the assemblage stood motionless and silent. The heads of many were bowed as were those of the Negroes, who now, with a long and solemn "Amen," were the only ones to disturb the stillness. The extreme brevity of the address together with its abrupt close had so astonished the hearers that they stood transfixed. Had not Lincoln turned and stridden toward his chair, the audience would very likely have remained voiceless foe several moments more.

Finally there came applause and a calling, "Yes! Yes! Government for the people!" It was as if the Blue Ridge Mountains to the west were echoing Lincoln's concluding and keynote thought.

Edward Everett was one of the first to approach the President and shake hands with him. He said with feeling that Lincoln's few eloquent words had been written upon the memory of man and would endure, while his own were only for the moment.

The others of importance who had been seated well forward on the platform, now surrounded the President. Noticing that some of the Christ Church choir members were trying to approach him, he waved aside the notables and began to shake hands with the singers.

Among them was a girl of fifteen, several years younger than any of the others, Louisa Vandersloot. He had heard her high, clear soprano voice; he motioned her toward him. Leaning over two of the older choristers, he extended his long arm and, as she puts it, "his great, warm, all-enveloping hand took hold of my little one and almost crushed it." That evening, during a reception, the President again singled out this girl and once more crushed her tender fingers with his great hand. She is now a woman of almost my age--Mrs. M. O. Smith; and frequently we exchange reminiscences of the Day of Dedication.

She, just as I, fairly felt his kindliness and greatness of soul and "tingled all over" when he held her close to him.

Meanwhile I and my brothers, whom I found at the back of the platform, made our way to the edge of the crowd, and among the huge rocks with which that part of the battlefield was still covered in spots we scrambled until we reached the highway leading to town.

Over its dusty course we hurried to the home of Judge Wills, which stood on a corner of the village green. It was there that Lincoln was being entertained; and I felt sure that the judge, a friend of my father, would see to it that we got to shake hands with Lincoln.

We entered the Wills home by way of the kitchen. The judge and the President had just driven up to the front door and were having trouble to explain to a crowd that there would be no reception before evening.

When we ventured into the front hall, the judge had closed the door and was asking Lincoln whether he cared to lunch then or an hour later. The President said he was not hungry and wanted to rest. Just as he was about to go up stairs we boys stepped out of a dusky corner. The judge immediately recognized us and smiled.

"Well, how did you fellows get in here?" he inquired. "I think I know what you want. I'm sure the President will shake hands with you. Here, Mr. President, are the sons of an old friend of mine. They have come over from Hanover to see you."

Without hesitation the President turned and shook hands with each of us, remarking that he was greatly pleased that we had thought it worth while to journey to Gettysburg and help with our presence in the dedication of the battlefield. Then, putting an arm around me and a hand on my younger brother's shoulder, he added, "The fight in your town must have furnished you fellows considerable excitement. Maybe more than you cared for." These words I remember as vividly as if they had been spoken only yesterday.

He then said something about hoping the war would soon end so that no more young men would have to be called to the front. With great emotion and with tears in his eyes he spoke of the heartaches and the pangs that all the horror of the war caused him. "May the whole terrible thing soon end," he murmured as he turned away from us.

As he started ascend the stairs he sighed deeply and cleared his throat. A moment later he disappeared into the shadows that enveloped the upper reaches of the stairway.

-----by George D. Gitt as told to Wirt W. Barnitz.
Published in LIBERTY, November 25, 1933.

A Lincoln Story.

When General McClelland, pursuing his "waiting campaign," had worn away the patience even of Lincoln, the President finally sent General Hooker to take charge of the forces. Wishing to create an impression of vigor and decision, Hooker rushed into action; and reported his movements in an urgent dispatch dated: "Headquarters in the saddle."

"The trouble with Hooker," Lincoln remarked drily to his Cabinet, "is that he's got his headquarters where his hindquarters ought to be."

----from Readers Digest.
January, 1934.

Don't Worry, Everything Will Come Out All Right, Said Lincoln, Facing Great War.

A simple, touching story of the last parting between Abraham Lincoln and his beloved step-mother, Mrs. Sarah Bush Lincoln, who reared him from the age of 10, is told in the hitherto unpublished reminiscences of the late Mrs. Sarah Louise Fox, Lincoln's second cousin and step-niece.

Mrs. Fox died last December 12, at the home of a son, Alfred N. Fox, 8755 Natural Bridge Road. She was 91 and as a girl and young woman had known Lincoln well. She used to call him "Uncle Abe" long before he was a President of the United States, and she loved to tell how the gaunt rail-splitter had rocked her cradle with a roughly booted foot on the occasions of his visits with the kinfolks.

Recently as she was looking through a trunk full of Lincolnia that had belonged to Mrs Fox, a daughter, Mrs. Lillie Walton, 4721 Washington Boulevard, came across a half dozen pages of scribbled longhand. The writing was not too firm, for Mrs. Fox had done it only a few years before she died. On these pages were told a few incidents concerning Lincoln that had been stamped indelibly in the cousin's mind.

She spoke of him simply and in the homely phrases he himself might have chosen. To her Lincoln was not a man of high places, but a man of the soil and countryside. She did not think of him as agreat man--at least in her youth --but as a good man. The trappings of Washington, the pomp and ceremony of the White House, have no part in her concept of the Emancipator.

She knew him rather as the man who helped his father, Thomas Lincoln, build a log cabin on the old Lincoln farm, near Campbell, Coles County, Illinois. She knew him for his ability to hew rails out of tough black locust. She knew him as a friend who, even when he felt the weight of a civil strife already burdening his shoulders, could find time to twit her, discuss crops with the neighboring farmers and preside wittily at a table groaning with turkey, crisp pies and roasting ears.

"I have been so busy reading what other people have to say about Lincoln," wrote Mrs. Fox, "I haven't had time to tell what I know about him or his greatness. I remember him as far back as I can remember anything.

"His dear old stepmother, whom he loved so well and who so dearly loved him, was my grandmamma. Besides, my my father's mother was a sister of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's mother.

"He (Lincoln) came to see us often, and after Grandfather Lincoln (Thomas, Abe's father) died, his stepmother came to live with my mother. Uncle Abe, as we all called him, came to see his stepmother often. That is how I know they were so devoted to each other. He would stay three or four days, and when he started home she went to the door, put her hands on his shoulders and the tears would fall from her eyes like drops of rain. He would look at her and smile and say: 'Mother, don't do that. I will see you again.'

"He did come again and again, till he was elected President of the United States. When he came a few days after the election, I think it was the happiest day of her life. She was at my mother's house, of course, and mother was so happy. I was more than happy."

Mrs. Fox relates she was married August 30, 1860, and Abraham Lincoln was chosen President November 5, 1860. The day President-elect Lincoln came to visit them she refers to as the most joyful in her existence.

"There was no way to get from Springfield to my Mother's house," she wrote, "except in a cab. There were no railroad cars, no street cars. So he came from his home in Springfield by way of Charleston in the carriage. He had a driver and he was the only one in the cab.

"He invitedme to get in and go down to see the old log cabin he helped his father build. (It was near the home of Mrs. Fox's mother). Of course, I gladly accepted the invitation.

"I knew I was riding by the side of the best man in the world, but I didn't think of the honor he had achieved and the great honor it was for me to sit by his side. I merely thought of him as my Uncle Abe.

"I can remember how he drove up to the log cabin and how he helped me out and we went in. He talked to my eldest brother. He then bade him good-bye and took me by the hand and led me to the cab. We drove from there to Shiloh Cemetery, near by, where his father was buried.

"He again helped me out and we viewed his father's resting place. There was only a slab with the name, 'Thomas Lincoln' and the date of his death. He looked sad when he took me back to the cab."

She then described their return to her mother's home. When they arrived they found virtually all the countryside had gathered in the house and the yard to welcome the President elect. "There were people from every walk of life thereabouts," she explains. "Ministers and rail-splitters come right from the wood." There were farmers with jeans tucked into loamy boots, who had left plows and teams in the

field to grip the hand of their President. There were women in their Sunday best, those who had time; and women in mussed and patched calico. Babes and children and gawky, grinning youths. She related the tall figure of Lincoln stood beside the door and shook the hand of each one as they passed into the house for dinner.

"The good women of the country and town," wrote Mrs. Fox, "brought their nicest cakes and pies, baked turkeys and chickens. My mother opened the doors of our large living room and set tables clear from one end of the house to the other."

She often told Mrs. Walton of how the men carried in carpenter's horses from the barnyard and covered them with great, long planks on which the food was heaped until, in truth, the boards groaned. After the feast the people went to their homes and Lincoln "had a long talk with his old stepmother, my mother and myself."

"That," related Mrs. Fox succinctly, "was the last time we ever saw him alive."

"When he bid his mother farewell, she embraced him in her arms and said: 'My dear boy, I always thought there was something great in you. With this war coming on I am afraid you are going to have a hard time.'

"He said, 'Don't worry. Everything will come out all right'"

Mrs. Fox related that before Lincoln left he turned to her to ask about her recent marriage, remarking, "It doesn't seem long since you were a little child."

"After he had accomplished everything," concluded the brief reminiscences, "they took his life. And oh how sad it was for his mother when she heard the news of his death. She lived with my mother until she, too, died. She was laid by the side of Thomas Lincoln in the Shiloh Cemetery."

Mrs. Fox's brother, John Hall, lived on the Lincoln farm until his death in 1909. A niece of Mrs. Fox, Nancy Hall, now lives there. The old cabin Lincoln and his father built and in which his family and the Halls lived many years, was sent to the Chicago World's Fair in 1893.

Mrs. Walton remembers the Lincoln cabin very well. She made frequent visits there in her childhood, while her "Uncle" John Hall lived there.

"Those," she smiles, "were still the days of corn popping and making molasses taffy. One of Lincoln's beds was still there, a four-poster with a trundle bed to roll underneath. Often I slept on the poster and on the trundle bed, too. No mattresses, you know, just slats. We used to use straw or feather beds to soften the hard wood."

Her father is also buried in Shiloh Cemetery, about ten feet from the grave of Thomas Lincoln.

-----the St. Louis, Mo. Globe-Democrat.
January 29, 1933.

Cornelia Lunt Recalls Visits With Lincoln.

Certainly it was a person like Cornelia Gray Lunt whom the famous philosopher, La Rochefoucauld, marked as an exception when he wrote his well known sentence, "Few persons know how to be old."

With her spirit of eternal youth tempered by the mellow charm of years, Miss Lunt, 91 this coming March 15, delighted several hundred of her Evanston friends and neighbors who gathered yesterday afternoon in the drawing room of Mrs. Amos C. Miller's handsome Gothic home at 2829 Sheridan Place, in Evanston (Illinois). Happily and clearly she spent a half hour recalling the pleasantries of a girlhood acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln.

As the result of this half hour the Great Emancipator, on the occasion of the 125th anniversary of his birth, became an intimate personality for the members of the audience. He became an ordinary man trying valiently to meet the affairs of state, a father enjoying the pranks of his children, Mrs. Lincoln's husband laughing at an honest to goodness joke.

Sponsored by the University Guild for the benefit of its Carnegie gift to Northwestern University, the party was one of four teas yesterday afternoon within a short radius in North Evanston. Mrs. Burt J. Denman was another hostess and Mrs. Albert E. Cross and Mrs. Henry H. Windsor still others.

"Yes, my father took me to the White House twice for tea with President and Mrs. Lincoln," recalled Miss Lunt, who is more familiarly known as "Evanston's first lady" by virtue of her father's aggressiveness in selecting the "swampy north shore" as the site for Northwestern University and thus founding the town of Evanston.

"I remember these visits well. I was dressed in my Sunday best and a 'stiff' best it was. Lincoln was tall and impressive, but he seemed to shed a little of his gravity when he sat down for tea with us. He joked and told stories. He forgot he was President. He forgot he was anything but a friend."

Lincoln numbered Miss Lunt's father, Orrington Lunt, and her uncle, John C. Evans (after whom Evanston is named), among his best friends. On more than one occasion he sought friendly counsel of them.

"But best of all my memories," Miss Lunt continued, "is an incident that occurred before I ever was introduced to President Lincoln. I was visiting Bishop Simpson and his family in Philadelphia. Bishop Simpson was one of the powerful speakers of that day. His influence was great, especially throughout the east.

"One evening at dinner the bishop put down his paper with dissatisfaction. 'All this delay,' he said earnestly. 'The country should hear the Emancipation Proclamation and it should hear it now. I am going to Lincoln.'

"The next day he did go and then he returned home very grave. 'Lincoln is a great man,' he told us at dinner that night, 'much greater than I. I told him what I thought should be expressed now. I told him too that I was going out and tell my conviction to the people. Looking into my eyes, coldly and steadily, our President replied, "Bishop, your Master forgave 70 times 7. Will you not be patient with me?"'"

Still another experience that has clung fast in Miss Lunt's memory all these years was her visit to the Army of the Potomac in 1864.

"It was only because of a mistake in my name," she explained. "A cousin of minewas a courier between President Lincoln and General Grant. He suggested to my father one day that I might enjoy going to City Point with him. Then he said he might be able to take me on out to the battlefield.

"Of course I was ready to go. We reached City Point, where the battlefield permit had to be obtained. Writing my name my cousin scribbled it so that it was mistaken for 'Sweet' ....yes, a far cry from 'Lunt,' but that was the way it was read.

"At first General Meade, who had to issue the permit, looked at the application and said gruffly, 'No, nobody else can go to the fort.' Then he looked again, read the name 'Sweet' and rejoined, 'But hardly can I refuse a lady with such a lovely name. I went to the battlefield and I will never forget it if I live to be 191."

-----by Ruth De Young.
The Chicago Tribune.
February 14, 1934.

Lincoln Picture Taken Here Runs in Philadelphia Paper.

A reprint of a rare picture of Abraham Lincoln without a beard was recently received by Mrs. Emma Sharpe of West Washington street from her youngest brother, Charles R. Long of the Chester (Pa.) Times. The reprint was clipped by Mr. Long from the Evening Bulletin of Philadelphia, a paper with a circulation of over 500,000 copies. The picture is captioned as follows:

"Ambrotype of Lincoln taken at Pittsfield, Illinois, October 1, 1858, after he had spoken in the public square. He was then 49. The picture is one of the few showing Lincoln without a beard."

Mr. Long thought that perhaps a Pittsfield newspaper might be interested in the clipping.

This picture was taken following Lincoln's memorable speech in the public park here when he came to answer Douglas who had spoken here earlier in the senatorial campaign of 1858. After finishing his speech, Lincoln sat for the picture for his friend, Colonel Dick Gilmer, at the early picture shop of Calvin Jackson, located at the northeast corner of the square where the W. H. Riggs harness shop now is. It was one of the rude portable picture galleries of the early town. This ambrotype of Lincoln made in this rude Pittsfield picture gallery is one of the most remarkable pictures of the Great Emancipator that has been handed down to the present generation. Unfortunately, this remarkable photograph of Lincoln, taken atthe height of the joint debates, was mutilated to some extent by an accident. For many years the original was a prized possession of Miss Lizzie Gilmer, daughter of the Civil War hero for whom the picture was posed. Later the picture passed into the famous Gunther collection at Chicago, where it became known as the "Ruined Picture of Lincoln." It is now in the Oliver Barrett Lincoln collection at Chicago.

Numerous copies and prints were made from the picture before it met with defacement. Lincoln sat for two pictures on that memorable day in Pittsfield. One was finished for Col. Gilmer. The fate of the other is unknown. This Pittsfield picture shows Lincoln at the age of 49, and nearing the close of one of the most momentous political campaigns in the history of the nation. He is wearing a plain black farmer satin coat, plain white shirt and collar, and bunglesome black tie, awkwardly tied. His hair, not recently sheared, falls over his ears in a ragged shock. In his homely, yet kindly face is what seems a kind of brooding sorrow as though he already senses the burdens he is detined to bear.

-----Pike County Republican. Pittsfield, Illinois.
April 25, 1934.

Note: See article "'Lost' Lincoln Picture is Found."

Note: See "Lincoln Day by Day." Page 248. Notes for Thursday, Sept. 30, 1858 and Friday, October 1, 1858.

"Lost" Lincoln Picture is Found Through Republican's Story of Pittsfield History.

A "lost" picture of Abraham Lincoln, taken in Pittsfield on October 1, 1858, has been found. A recent story in the Republican of two Lincoln "sittings" in Pittsfield at the height of the joint debates brings to light the story of the second picture which was supposed to have been destroyed and which has been referred to as the "lost Pittsfield picture of Lincoln." The missing picture is in the possession of Rev. Henry A. Morton, 611 Lamar Ave., Wichita Falls, Texas. Rev. Morton is a son of Mrs. Lizzie (Lame) Morton, former Pittsfield girl, now a resident of Fallon, Nevada.

From Miss Mattie Fiske and Mrs. Mary (Lame) Morgan of this city the Republican first learned of the missing picture. The story of how it came into the Lame family is an interesting one.

It was on October 1, 1858 that Lincoln addressed a huge crowd in the courthouse square here in Pittsfield. He had come to answer the "Little Giant", Stephen A. Douglas, who had spoken here earlier in the senatorial campaign of that year. Following the afternoon address, Lincoln sat for two pictures in Calvin Jackson's portable canvas gallery located at the northeast corner of the square on the site of the present Sedberry building. Lincoln gave one of the ambrotypes to his friend, Dick Gilmer, at whose home at the southeast corner of the square he had taken dinner in company with a noted gathering, of whom all are dead. After giving the picture to Gilmer, the two sat for a long time on the curb in front of Gilmer's law office on the east side of the square, with their feet in the gutter, swapping stories, and surrounded by a group of the town's early notables.

Following the death of the heroic "Colonel Dick" in the battle of Chickamauga, September 10, 1863, the Gilmer picture became the prized possession of the daughter, Miss Lizzie Gilmer. Later it passed to the Gunther Lincoln collection in Chicago where it became known as the "Ruined Picture of Lincoln," due to an accidental mutilation. The picture is now in the Oliver Barrett Lincoln collection in Chicago. Numerous copies and prints were made of the picture before it met with defacement, and one of these reprints, clipped recently by Charles Long of Chester, Pennsylvania from a Philadelphia newspaper and sent here to his sister, Mrs. Emma (Long) Sharpe, was the background for the recent Republican story that has brought to light the second of the two pictures posed by Lincoln on his 1858 visit here.

There was much astir among the people of Pittsfield on September 30, 1858--Lincoln was coming the next day. Preparations for a celebration in his honor were on foot. Men and women were busy making ready to welcome their leader.

In front of the old Charles Lame shop on East Washington, where the Charles Aber residence now is, a campaign cannon was being primed and tried out for the celebration. In the old Lame home on East Fayette, where the Ray Kellys now live, ladies of the Rebekah lodge were assembled to make a flag to be used on the stand in the Court House park from which Lincoln was to speak. It was a merry gathering. Suddenly the merry-making ceased. Bad news reached the household. A man who boarded with the Lames arrived and told those assembled of an accident that had occurred in front of the Lame shop. Charles Lame (the elder) had been frightfully hurt by the premature explosion of the cannon. One arm had been slithered and his face burned. The man reported that he was being carried to his home by friends. All was excitement.

At the moment that the Lincoln cannon which was being fired by Frank Scanland, exploded prematurely, Mr. Lame had his thumb over the vent. The ramrod used to ram home the charge of powder was rammed up Mr. Lame's right arm, slithering the arm in a frightful manner. The ramrod was hurled from the location of the cannon in front of the Lame shop on East Washington, a distance of more than a block, striking a tree on Piper Lane on the property which is now the home of Mrs. M. J. Webster.

Later the ramrod was incorporated into a pants pressing board for Mrs. Lame. This was long in the possession of the Lame family and Mrs. Mary Morgan of this city, a daughter of the elder Charles R. Lame, remembered it well but is unable to say what finally became of the prized relic. Mrs. Morgan also recalls that a school teacher named Carr lived with and attended her father through his weeks of suffering following the accident.

Mr. Lame was terribly injured. Rebecca Lame, a daughter then nine years old, writing of the incident from her home in Fallon, Nevada says: "The doctor said of course his right arm would have to come off. But our old Dr. Norris said, 'We will call in the new doctor' (Dr. J. H. Ledlie). He said 'No'. So it was saved."

Following the accident there occurred one of the most interesting things in local history. Nature, taking a hand in the Lame case, introduced a method that is now winning the approval of modern science. Through the unscreened windows of the period, Old Mother Nature, the great Nurse, introduced her maggots into the slithered arm. These cleansed and disinfected the wounds and helped the skilled surgeon, Ledlie, save the arm. Ledlie, later, during the Civil War, achieved distinction as a staff surgeon and medical director of the Thirteenth Union Army Corps. Many a time he operated alone and unaided, successfully performing operations that now require a hospital, nurses and trained attendants. The maggot

system of cleansing, accidental and unavoidable in this early Pittsfield case, is now becoming an approved method of treatment in such cases.

Lincoln, upon his arrival in Pittsfield the following day, heard of the accident that happened to Mr. Lame. Lincoln wanted to go to the Lame home to see his suffering friend. The doctor, however, was afraid of having Mr. Lame disturbed as he was suffering greatly from the injuries to his arm and the burns on his face. Lincoln then said that he wanted his friend to have a picture. And so it was that he sat for a second picture on that memorable afternoon of October 1, 1858. This picture was handed down by the elder Charles Lame to his daughter, Lizzie, who married Al Morton and who is now a resident of Fallon, Nevada; as is her sister, Rebecca Lame. From Mrs. Morton the picture has passed to her son, Henry A. Morton of Wichita Falls, Texas, in whose possession it now is.

The two pictures of Lincoln taken in Pittsfield on October 1, 1858, belong to a very limited group of "beardless pictures" of the Great Emancipator. Lincoln, in these two ambrotypes, is smooth-shaven. His tousled hair has not recently been sheared. He is dressed plainly and his bunglesome black tie is awkwardly tied. The ambrotypes show him at the age of 49 and in the midst of one of the greatest forensic encounters in history.

-----Jess M. Thompson. The Pike County (Illinois) Republican. Pittsfield, Illinois. May 23, 1934.

NOTE: See "Lincoln Day by Day" Page 248. Notes for Thursday, Sept, 30 and Friday, Oct. 1, 1858.

Lincoln as a Postmaster.

Benjamin P. Thomas in his book "Lincoln's New Salem," just off the press gives the most intimate description of Lincoln's postmastership that has yet been printed. In part he says : "But he was looking for a chance to become something more than a laborer; and on May 7, 1833, his ambition was gratified to some extent when he was appointed postmaster at New Salem, succeeding Samuel Hill. His explanation of his securing the position under President Jackson when he was 'an avowed Clay man,' was that the office was 'too insignificant to make his politics an objection.' He retained the position until the removal of the office to Petersburg on May 30, 1836.

"According to one story, Lincoln's appointment was the result of a petition circulated by the New Salem women. Irked at the treatment accorded them by Hill, who neglected the distribution of mail while he sold liquor to the men, they petitioned the Post Office Department for his removal. Herndon did not know whether Lincoln solicited the appointment or whether it came to him without effort on his part. Upon appointment, Lincoln, like other postmasters, was required to furnish bond of $500. Nelson Alley and Alexander Trent were his bondsmen.

"New Salem was on a mail route which ran from Springfield through Sangamontown, Athens, New Salem, Havana, Lewistown, JacksonGrove, Canton, and Knox Courthouse (Knoxville) to Warren Courthouse (Monmouth), a distance of about 125 miles. The mail was scheduled to leave Springfield Saturday at 4 A.M. and arrive at Warren Courthouse Monday at 8 P.M. On the return trip it left Warren Courthouse at 6 A.M. on Tuesday and arrived in Springfield at 10 P.M. on Thursday, if on time. It was carried on horseback by Harvey L. Ross, whose father, Ossian Ross, of Havana, held the contract for the route. After the stage line was established, the mail was carried by it.

"Postal rates varied with the distance traversed and the number of pages in a letter. A single sheet cost six cents for the first thirty miles, ten cents for thirty to eighty miles, twelve and a half cents for eighty to 150 miles, eighteen and three-quarters cents for 150 to 400 miles, and twenty-five cents for more than 400 miles. Two sheets cost twice as much, three sheets three times as much, and so on. Neither stamps nor envelopes were used. (see note)

Letters were simply folded and sealed, and the postage charge was written in the upper right hand corner on the outside. Postage was paid by the addressee.

"The high rates on letters elicited numerous complaints. To conserve space people frequently covered a sheet, then turned it sidewise and wrote across what they had already written, sometimes following this by writing obliquely across the page. Postmasters had difficulty in determining the number of sheets in a folded and sealed letter; and if the receiver questioned the rate charged he could open the letter in the postmaster's presence and have the error, if any, corrected.

"As postmaster, Lincoln was exempt from militia and jury duties, was permitted to send and receive personal letters free, and to receive one newspaper daily without charge. The law provided, however, that 'if any person frank any letter or letters, other than those written by himself, or by his order, on the business of the office, he shall, on conviction thereof, pay a fine of ten dollars." A letter of September 17, 1835, from Matthew S. Marsh to George M. Marsh, his brother, throws light on Lincoln's conduct of his office. 'The postmaster (Mr. Lincoln), 'wrote Marsh, 'is very careless about leaving his office open and unlocked during the day--half the time I go in and get my papers, etc., without anyone being there as was the case yesterday. The letter was only marked twenty-five and even if he had been there and known it was double, he would not have charged me any more--luckily he is a very clever fellow and a particular friend of mine. If he is there when I carry this to the office--I will get him to 'Frank' it. . . ." Lincoln was there, and did frank it, thereby making himself liable to a ten dollar fine; for on the outside of the letter, in Lincoln's hand, is written: "Free, A. Lincoln, P.M. New Salem, Ill., Sept. 22."

"A note from Lincoln to George Spears also reveals his indifference to postal regulations. 'At your request,' wrote Lincoln, 'I send you a receipt for the postage on your paper--I am somewhat surprised at your request-- I will however comply with it--The law requires Newspaper postage to be paid in advance and now that I have waited a full year you choose to wound my feelings by insinuating that unless you get a receipt I will probably make you pay it again---'

"The postal law required every postmaster to maintain an office (in which one or more persons shall attend on every day on which a mail shall arrive.) By the time that Lincoln became postmaster he had terminated his connection with the Lincoln-Berry store, and there is doubt as to whether his office was ever located there. Possibly it was for a while. Later it was in Hill's store. According to Harvey Ross, Lincoln kept his receipts in a wooden chest under the counter in an old blue sock.

"Lincoln gave general satisfaction in his administration of the office. He was always anxious to please and accomodate. When he thought that someone was especially anxious to receive a letter, he would walk several miles, if necessary, to deliver it. Herndon recalled that 'Mr. Lincoln used to tell me that when he had a call to go to the country to survey a piece of land, he placed inside his hat all the letters belonging to people in the neighborhood and distributed them along the way.' The practice of carrying papers and letters in his hat became a habit with him.

"As postmaster, Lincoln could read all the newspapers that came to New Salem. At this time he formed the habit of newspaper reading which he continued through life, and through which, in part, he learned to interpret public opinion. His position also enabled him to become acquainted with almost every settler in that part of the country and made more formidable his subsequent candidacies for the Legislature.

"Financially the job was not much help to him. His renumeration depended upon the receipts of the office, which were small. More than a year after the New Salem office was discontinued, and after he had moved to Springfield, he turned over the balance of his receipts to William Carpenter, the Springfield Postmaster. Carpenter's account book contains the following entry under date of June 14, 1837: 'For cash recd. of A. Lincoln late P.M. of New Salem $248.63.' We do not know how long this sum had been accumulating; but if it was the receipts of the office for a year, Lincoln's commissions for that year would have totaled about 75 or 80 dollars. If it represented the total receipts of the office for the three years of Lincoln's tenure, his commissions were about 25 or 30 dollars a year.

"The SANGAMO JOURNAL of April 9, 1834, publishedthe receipts of some of the Illinois post offices for 1833. The Jacksonville office took in $956. That at Springfield received $681. The Chicago office received $369; that at Beardstown $187; Peoria, $136; Pekin, $178; Vandalia, $426. On the New Salem route the Havana office took in $54; Knoxville, $36; Lewistown, $130. No figures are given for the New Salem office, but in comparison with these figures the estimate of 25 or 30 dollars a year as Lincoln's renumeration seems more likely to be correct.

"The position of postmaster was not confining, and Lincoln supplemented his commissions by doing all sorts of odd jobs, such as splitting rails, helping at the mill, harvesting and tending store for Hill. In December, 1834, he succeeded Doctor Allen as local agent for the SANGAMO JOURNAL. On

election days he often made a dollar by serving as clerk, and sometimes returned the pool (?) book to the courthouse in Springfield, for which service he was paid $2.50."

-----Hobbies Magazine, October, 1934.

Note: Stamps were introduced by the PostOffice Department in 1847, but did not come into general use until 1855.

--- See "Lincoln's New Salem." Pages 64 - 69. (L-124)

Death of Michael Carroll.

Michael Carroll, father of Billy Carroll who often visits in Pittsfield, died Saturday at his home in Jacksonville, Illinois, at the age of 90. Funeral services were held Saturday morning at the Church of Our Savior in Jacksonville.

Mr. Carroll was closely connected with the business and political history of Jacksonville. A native of Ireland, he came with his parents to America on a sailing vessel and, after landing at New York, came to Illinois in a covered wagon.

He was a lifetime Democrat and was chairman of the Morgan county Democratic committee when Bryan was named as its secretary. As a youth he heard Lincoln and Douglas in their famous debates and at one time rode from Jacksonville to Winchester on the rear of Lincoln's carriage in order to hear one of the forensic battles. For several years he operated a restaurant where William Jennings Bryan took his meals while attending Illinois college.

At the time Lincoln was assassinated, Mr. Carroll was a member of the Jacksonville fire department. The local firemen went to Springfield and in conjunction with the department from that city decorated the old state house with black crepe streamers.

During his lifetime he held many public offices in Morgan county. He served two six-year terms as superintendent of the Morgan county farm and later was farm superintendent at the Jacksonville state hospital. He was several times elected alderman from the second ward.

Mr. Carroll was remarkably active and in good health for one of his years. He had a keen interest in current events and community affairs, and every summer cultivated a large garden plot.

Mr. Carroll is survived by four children, Miss Mae, Will M. and John M. Carroll of Jacksonville and Mrs. Louise Ryan of Franklin. One grandson, Carroll Ryan, also remains.

----- Pike County Republican.
Pittsfield, Ill.
2/6/35.

Trace Lincoln Family Origin to Maryland. Records Link Him to Shipley Line.

Strong evidence that the family tree of Abraham Lincoln, concerning which there has been much speculation and confusion, sinks its roots on the distaff side deep into the soil of colonial Maryland has been accumulated by the Lincoln National Life Foundation or Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Genealogists long were slow to attack the problem of the Lincoln lineage, because they were told by Lincoln's early biographers that they would find skeletons in closets. But in late years study has indicated that these stories largely originated during the fierce political campaign of 1860, for those traditions of Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks, are unsupported by public records.

Lincoln himself is authority for the statement that his mother's name was Nancy Hanks and that she was born in Virginia. This fits in exactly with the testimony of members of the Hanks family, which also accepts the belief that Nancy Hanks' mother, Lucy Hanks, was born a Shipley and a member of the family which is descended from Adam Shipley, who settled in Maryland in 1668, not far from Annapolis.

Land records of Maryland show that in 1661 a tract of 200 acres bordering on the Severn River was surveyed for Adam Shipley and was called Shipley's Choice. His son, Robert Shipley, acquired Shipley's Discovery, on the Patapsco River, south of the Great Falls, sold it and acquired a large farm near Sykesville, where he spent the remainder of his life.

By 1767 Robert Shipley had been gathered to his ancestors. His son, William, is the only one who remained in Maryland. The others, according to the family tradition, migrated, Robert Shipley Jr. (who was born Oct. 9, 1713) going to Virginia some time previous to 1750, when his name appears on a commissioner's book in Lunenburg county as a tithable, indicating that he then was more than 21 years old and the head of a family.

Robert Shipley Jr. and his wife, Sarah, also had a large family, one of the daughters, Lucy, becoming the wife of James Hanks and the mother of Nancy Hanks. No documentary evidence has been adduced to prove when and where this marriage took place, but that it did appears to have been indisputable. James Hanks apparently died young and his widow took a second husband, whos name was Henry Sparrow, after her small daughter had reached the approximate age of 5 years.

The early death of Nancy Hanks' father, her acquisition of a stepfather and her residence in the home of her uncle and aunt appear to havebeen the factors which have produced the confusion interpreted as a cloud over her birth.

---- from Baltimore, Maryland.
The Chicago Tribune. August 13, 1933.

Abraham Lincoln in Chicago.

It is the afternoon of August 6, 1847, and it is also the most crowded, boisterous and bustling day so far in the history of that ever-exciting intersection, Clark and Randolph streets, Chicago.

Dust swirls upwards in clouds as drivers whip up Conne-wago wagons, buckboards and an occasional hightoned buggy with shiny, jingling harness. Horsemen under bell-shaped plug hats and the wide, flopping felt brims of the prairies spur their mounts amid wheeled traffic such as the bumptious, sprawling town of Chicago (population already 16,000) has never seen in its short life. The plank sidewalk in front of the palatial Sherman house is being hammered by the boots of strangers from great distances, some discussing this amazing young town at the foot of the great lakes in down-east accents, others betraying by a supercilious drawl their origin in the cotton belt or the aristocratic southern seaboard.

Native Chicagoans hug the wooden walls or the railing around the block square courthouse lot, which is tree-shaded and in which two fountains are playing. No wonder the natives gawk and gape and wonder! For Chicago, with its 16,000 inhabitants, is entertaining 25,000 visitors who have come from far reaches of the nation via steamboat, schooners, both sail and prairie; on horseback and even on foot to attend the river and harbor convention.

Viewing this pageant of a cross-section of the nation suddenly set down in the lap of a lakeside country town (as yet untouched by a railroad) are two "Illinoians," as they were called in those days. Men of consequence, surely, for it is their right to occupy two of those precious chairs on the sidewalk under the balcony of the Sherman house.

One of these intelligent idlers is E. B. Washburne, later to serve as congressman from the Galena district for many years and to represent his nation's interests as American minister to France during the Franco-Prussian war. But his thoughts are not on the destiny that leads to Paris. This is Chicago, vivid and exciting as never before. Beside him, sunk deep in a hotel armchair, sprawls scholarly Lisle Smith.

Suddenly their conversation over Chicago's right to have its harbor sandbar scooped out at federal expense is interrupted. Lisle Smith sits up straight and points toward a figure in the passing crowd. Washburne (who is to preserve the incident for posterity) fastens his eyes on the newcomer indicated by Smith.

No one seeing him could forget the appearance of this towering, angular pedestrian, awkwardly covering the Randolph

street sidewalk in junior seven-league strides.

He wears a short-waisted swallow tail coat of thin material, inadequate for such a giant. Even his vest is too short for that long body. His thin pantaloons scarcely come down to his ankles, and are on poor speaking terms with the brogans, which encase coarse woolen socks.

His headgear is a rough, wide-brimmed straw hat. The whole ensemble a prairie caricature if it were not for the strong features, the deep-set, searching, intelligent eyes.

Lisle Smith breaks the suspense of curiosity. He knows his man. In the excitement of his identification there is unconscious tribute.

"There is Lincoln on the other side of the street. Just look at 'Old Abe'!"

"Old Abe in Chicago! Abraham Lincoln under a floppy straw hat--not a stovepipe--stretching his long legs over the plank sidewalk on the south side of Randolph street, passing the green courthouse park where the monumentally grim county building now stands. A country lawyer, the only whig congressman from Illinois, one who had not yet taken his seat, former state legislator, all this at 38 years, plus a moral as well as physical stature which had earned him the endearing, respectful sobriquet, "Old Abe"!

Minister Washburne's recollection of "Old Abe" in Randolph street is perhaps one of the clearest with which to associate Abraham Lincoln with Chicago, the city that he loved and which loved him, the city that had a monumental influence upon his career. That the glimpse lacks the proverbial stovepipe and presidential mien by no means detracts from its impressiveness.

Chicago, in its river and harbor convention, provided for the youthful "Old Abe" an important if not essential stepping stone in his career.

The presiding officer was Edward Bates of Missouri, later to become a member of Lincoln's war-time cabinet. Horace Greeley of the benign, chubby countenance, who was eternally right when he said, "Go west, young man," and who was to be so infernally, strategically wrong with his blood-letting. "On to Richmond," was in Chicago for the first time, reporting the convention in sprightly fashion for his own New York Tribune. Here Lincoln for the first time rubbed elbows with the great world.

Where the straw-hatted delegate from Sangamon county, also the sole whig congressman from Illinois, slept during that overcrowded period is a matter of conjecture. Perhaps he didn't find time to sleep very much. The visiting throng, larger than the native population, was partly lodged on the steamships and sailing vessels on which they had arrived.

Many slept in covered wagons in parking space provided by the city. (Some of this same ground has again reverted to parking space after years of brick-and-stone tenancy, by the way). Hundreds of visitors even spent the sultry nights sleeping on the bosom of the open prairie.

In the river and harbor convention it was young Lincoln's privilege to lift his lanky, rail-splitter's form and speak in opposition to that out-standing spokesman of the Polk administration, David Dudley Field. As one opposed to the majority sentiment in favor of internal harbor improvements, Mr. Field seemed to have suffered a fairly lusty razberry from the delegates. He sat down amid confusion and embarrassment, and Mr. Lincoln arose to speak for the middle west.

There is no record of his speech at the convention. But it scored for its tactfulness, sense of fair play and firmness in the cause of the new prts on the nation's fresh water oceans. As Delegate Lincoln spoke in that hot, close meeting hall, more primitive no doubt than the "Wigwam" of a later, more portentious assembly, Correspondent Greeley perhaps was fanning away the flies and incorporating into his dispatch the paragraph that soon appeared in the columns of the New York Tribune:

"Hon. Abraham Lincoln, a tall specimen of an Illinoian, just elected to congress from the only whig district in the state, was called out and spoke briefly and happily in reply to Mr. Field."

About the same day the Chicago Journal felicitously noted:

"Abraham Lincoln, the only whig member to congress from this state, we are happy to see in attendance upon the convention. This is his first visit to the commercial emporium of the state, and we have no doubt that his first visit will impress him more deeply, if possible, with the importance and inspire a higher zeal for the great interest of the river-and-harbor improvements.

"We expect much from him as a representative in congress and we have no doubt that our expectations will be more than realized, for never was reliance placed in a nobler heart and sounder judgement. We know the banner he bears will never be soiled."

The convention over, the overgrown lakeside village returned to something like its normal--if one might call it that--composure. Horace Greeley returned to New York with a great vision of the growing west, and "Old Abe," in whom a distinguished spokesman for the Polk administration had met his match, returned on horseback, with his circuit rider's saddlebags, to his home in Springfield.

To digress from a streamline account of Lincoln's contacts with Chicago: The Chicago Journal was no doubt in error when it referred to the whig congressman's current visit to the state's "commercial emporium" as his first. There is a fairly

well-founded presumption that young Lincoln first passed through the newly inhabited wild onion patch yclept Chica-gau when he visited Wisconsin in 1835 or 1836.

J. Seymour Currey quotes Judge Henry W. Blodgett, who relates that in June, 1844, while he was a law student in the office of J. Young Scammon in Chicago and was engaged in that then vital activity of budding legal talent, sweeping and dusting out the office, he received a tall, gaunt stranger, who asked for Scammon and identified himself as Mr. Lincoln.

It was more than a year after the river and harbor convention, during which time young Chicago had grown by a couple of leaps and several bounds, that Congressman Lincoln returned and delivered his first formal address here. He had been delivering campaign speeches in General Zachary Taylor's cause in New England, and had returned by the old reliable water route, past Niagara Falls and through Lake Erie. With his family he was resting at the Sherman House when a local delegation called upon him with an invitation to deliver a campaign address.

Although only six hours remained to let the local voters know that "Old Abe" would speak on the evening of April 6, the courthouse was filled to overflowing, and an adjournment had to be taken to the public square outdoors. Here the "Hon. Abram Lincoln," as the Chicago newspapers insisted upon calling him until 1861, spoke for two hours, and held his audience. He and his family returned to Springfieldthe following day. The fame of "Abram Lincoln" as an orator lived after the death of President Zachary Taylor, who died two days following the arrival of Illinois' sole whig congressman in Chicago in July , 1850. Whig leaders arranged a memorial service, and once more the vicinity ofthe Courthouse resounded to Mr. Lincoln's well-balanced utterances, this time as official eulogist in tribute to the late soldier-president.

The stroller at West Lake and North Dearborn streets today sees an example of the soil of North America going to the motorist--if not, the fates forbid, eventually back to the Indians. Here is a parking lot of ample proportions, graced in one corner by a canary-colored service structure.

All passes, says the philosopher, only art endures, but in this case not even the florid, middle-nineteenth century pillared and corniced "art" which once was one of the leading hotels of the country has been spared. The proud Tremont house, stopping place of statesmen, generals and master politicians, has been erased to the last brick. Not even is there a trace here of the tablet which essayed to make immortal in memory the site of the pre-fire Tremont house, where Abraham Lincoln issued the challenge to Senator Stephen A. Douglas, resulting in the epochal Lincoln-Douglas debates. (The tablet is now in the Montgomery Ward memorial building on Northwestern

university's McKinlock campus.)

To the older Tremont house, a soaring edifice of five stories, plus glass topped cupola and iron balconies, went the Hon. Mr. Lincoln of Springfield in April, 1854, to attend a conference of more than local import. The small town lawyer and former congressman was now at his ease among this group of metropolitan acquaintances who met in room 4. These substantial leaders of the city and state pledged themselves to the support of an "Anti-Nebraska" candidate, opposition to the extension of slavery into that free territory forming the symbol of the as yet uncrystallized republican party. It was about this time that an "itinerant Daguerrean artist" photographed a Lincoln in broadcloth, but one who was still the gaunt ex-rail splitter, seated and in the apparent act of reading the Press and Tribune.

Lincoln's first rip-snorting republican speech in this vicinity was made in Dearborn park, on the site of the Chicago Public library, on a hot night in July, 1856. Here, in the little park just across the road from the rippling wavelets of Lake Michigan, spoke the nation's leader in a future civil war, one day to contribute its pitiful collection of battlefield relics to the public library's G.A.R. Memorial hall. The rights of the people, the rights of those who labored, were emphasized by the tall orator, who needed no grandstand to appear above the heads of his listeners. Tired workmen returning from jobs in the current wooden building boom stretched out on the grass to rest and to listen. They applauded when the speaker, dimly seen under feeble street lamps, spoke for the Anti-Nebraska party and its freedom-pledged standard bearers, Fremont and Dayton.

The Fremont versus Buchanan campaign came to a close. The The young party, with its young leaders, was fighting against cheerfully accepted odds, and turning day into night on many a rutty Main street with those peaceful lamp-bearing forerunners of Europe's marching blackshirts and sturmtruppen, the republican "Wide-awakes."

A banquet of Fremont friends and fans in the Tremont house. There were thirteen speeches on the list, and how the crowd could take it! The Hon. Abraham Lincoln--"Abram" in the local press and "Old Abe" to everybody-- was called upon to respond to the first toast. That night the young republican party was neither pulling its punches nor disdaining to hook in the clinches. The toast: "The Union--the north will maintain it, the south will not depart therefrom."

The Hon. A. Lincoln, now a candidate for the United States senate on the republican antislavery platform, was in Chicago attending to his law business when Senator Douglas, his rival, returned to Chicago in triumph from Washington. The date,

Friday, July 9, 1858. Bunting fluttered from the Tremont's ornate casements and cannon were fired.

That night 30,000 of the sturdy citizenry crammed Lake street, tilted back their plug hats and looked upward as the "Little Giant" thundered against republican radicalism from the famed north balcony. Among those seated behind him on the balustrade of honor was his distinguished rival from Springfield.

The next night it was Lincoln's turn to speak from the balcony which in memory remains one of America's most historic rostrums. The crowd was not so large, nor quite so enthusiastic. Nor were there cannon to help whoop things up.

It was in the same month and in the same hotel that Candidate Lincoln penned his challenge to Senator Douglas for a joint debate. Although both were having their ice water sent up from the same cooler, and the same maid service made up their respective feather beds, the candidates remained officially aloof, and Lincoln's challenge was sent and received with all the formality of the code duello. Norman B. Judd, who later was to "put Chicagoon the map" and assure Lincoln's candidacy for president by getting the republican national convention for Chicago in 1860, was Lincoln's emissary in the issuance of the challenge.

Because both had spoken in Chicago in quick succession, this city was left off the itinerary of the nation-shaking joint debates. Now permanent memorials mark the sitesof the series in seven downstate towns. In Ottawa, August 21, 1858, opened a running battle of rhetorical reasoning, from which Douglas emerged as the reelected United States senator, and Lincoln as the destined emancipator, the preserver of the union, and potentially George Washington's peer in fame.

Flashes of "Chicago's Lincoln" gleam in old memoirs of the pre-civil war town, bursting over its village limits onto the boundless prairies, newly linked with the east, south and near-west by iron rails and the Mecca of ambitious immigrants by daily trainloads.

Some of these Chicago flashes: Lincoln in the stuffy United States District courtroom in the Larmon block -- now covered by the Reaper block at Washington and Clark; as counsel for the Michigan Central railroad in the "Sand-bar case," crossing his long legs at the attorney's table and now and then referring to a "file" of legal papers stuffed into his battered stovepipe hat.

Lincoln sitting for two photographs by Hassler--one of them with rumpled hair--while attorney in the Rock Island bridge case.

The familiar creak on the stairs as the republican party's candidate "took the elevator" to the fifth floor of the Larmon block--three steps at a leap--to the studio of Leonard W. Volk,

who made the deathless Lincoln life mask and the casts of his hands, of priceless value to sculptors.

The same candidate rushing back from Clark street to Volk's studio in embarrassment after discovering that the sleeves of his undershirt were trailing below his frock coat. He had dressed too hurriedly after letting Volk model his bare brawny shoulders.

The president elect seeking his ease and refuge from office-seekers as a guest at the mansion of the Hon. Ebenezer Peck at Clark street and Fullerton avenue. It was here, it is said, he decided upon the makeup of his cabinet.

Lincoln's last visit to Chicago in life--holding a reception with Mrs. Lincoln and Vice-President-Elect Hannibal Hamlin on the morning of Friday, November 23, 1860, in the Tremont House. For two hours and a half his Chicago admirers, under snow-covered Paisley shawls and mantillas, moved past, shaking hands with the republican victors and Mrs. Lincoln.

And America's man of sorrows, hero of its greatest individual tragedy--who was not to return to Chicago until May 1, 1865, a martyr president in a somber coffin-- characteristically on that blizzardy November morning greeted each man and woman with a homely smile and, when he faced a citizen as tall or nearly as tall as he, raised his hands in mock amazement and exclaimed:

"Well, you are up SOME!"

----by Gene Morgan.
Chicago Daily News.
February 10,1934.

References in the Library of the Chicago Historical Society:

Abraham Lincoln's Early Visits to Chicago.
--by J. Seymour Currey.
The Influence of Chicago Upon Abraham Lincoln.
--by William E. Barton.
The Lincoln Life Mask and How It Was Made.
--by Leonard W. Volk
Recollections of Abraham Lincoln.
--by Capt. Nelson Thomasson.
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--by James Shaw.
Lincoln's First Visit to Chicago.
--by Dr. B. J. Cigrand.
Files of: The Chicago Democrat and the Chicago Press and Tribune of the period.

Abraham Lincoln.

The home life of Abraham Lincoln as seen by his next-door neighbor is the subject of a chatty communication from one of our friends and readers, Frances Rialle Graves. This fits in very nicely with the splendid article by Honore Willsie Morrow in this issue.

Miss Graves' half-brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Hobart Graves, spent his boyhood in the house next to that of the Lincolns. His notes, some of which follow, have never been published before:

The three Lincoln boys--Robert, Willie, and Tad--were near playmates," said her brother in the notes she sends us. "At that time Mr. Lincoln's home was a modest one-story house very much like my father's. He added a second story and improved the grounds after we left Springfield, and after he became president the house was again remodeled and put in the shape it is now. (It appears that Abraham Lincoln was a pioneer in the modernizing movement as well as other things. --Editor)

The Lincolns were kindly folks, interested in their neighbors and in the children who played with their three little sons, to whom they were entirely devoted. My first recollect- of Mrs. Lincoln was on a day when I came running into our sitting-room, stubbed my toe and fell, hitting my head on the fender before the fireplace. My mother was frail, and the sight of the blood that streamed down my face made her faint, and it was Mrs. Lincoln who picked me up, washed the blood away, and bandaged my head, soothing a hurt little boy in the tenderest manner, and finally putting me in the trundle-bed.

To the children who played in the dooryard Abraham Lincoln was a gentle friend who understood the joys and sorrows of a small boy. In my old age, as I look back upon this period in Mr. Lincoln's life, to me his love for his children and his gentleness with other children seem a restful spot in his driving career.

Mr Lincoln, however, was only human, and Mr. Graves figured in an episode which showed that he could lose his temper when the occasion justified.

"Only on two occasions do I remember seeing Mr. Lincoln angry," he says. "I was deeply involved both times.

"I had a gentle long-haired dog that was my companion in all my play," said Mr. Graves of one of these incidents. "The butcher's boy had a new dog he called a 'fightin' bull,' which was the terror of the neighborhood. One day the butcher

boy sicked the bulldog on my dog. I screamed and cried, for I felt certain my dog would be killed. Someone told Mr. Lincoln there was a dog fight in front of his house and just as the fight got under way, he came. I shall never forget how big his fist looked as he shook it in the face of the butcher boy and denounced his accomplices. He and my father tried to separate the dogs but couldn't do so. The funny part of it was that my dog licked the bulldog and chased him down the street. Mr. Lincoln then changed his tune and roared with delighted laughter as he watched the dog run. The butcher boy never bothered my dog again. He had learned his lesson."

The Lincolns had a big grate fire going all winter, around which they sat in cozy comfort evenings, cracking nuts and toasting apples. The father sat quietly with a child or two somewhere on his lap, with never a word of restraint unless a quarrel resulted in a fight, and even then, a word from him was sufficient to quiet the storm. It was a beautiful, home-like scene.

"As I look back over the years I have lived, I have faith that the good God who gave us Abraham Lincoln in our hour of need will watch over our destiny in the years to come."

In these days, when artificialities of life and complex social and economic conditions have brought grief to our country, it is heartening to read of the simple life and the simple joys of the greatest American. We need the pioneering courage of Abraham Lincoln. We need his fine, friendly, homely philosophy and deep religious faith. It is a spiritual antidote to most of our ills.

----from "Across the Editor's Desk." Written by the Editor of "Better Homes and Gardens." February, 1935.

Lincoln Tragedy is Described by Woman Witness.

When Abraham Lincoln, 127th birthday anniversary whose will be celebrated today, was assassinated in Ford's theater, Washington, D. C., on April 14, 1865, a witness of the tragedy from the first row of the balcony was a girl of 18. This girl is now Mrs. Harriet Van Pelt, who for most of her life has been a resident of Michigan City, Indiana. She will be 89 years old next April 12.

A slender little woman with bright brown eyes and snow white hair, Mrs. Van Pelt, in her rooms in the Sheridan Beach hotel in the Indiana lakeside city, recalled yesterday the dramatic moment when the shot rang out in the theater.

Mrs. Van Pelt, then Miss Harriet Sherman, with her older sister, Nancy, both in their last year at the Cleveland Female seminary, had gone to Washington to spend Easter vacation with their uncle, George Hartwell, connected with the patent office there, and his wife, Rose.

Their father, Dr. Mason G. Sherman of Michigan City, a surgeon in the Union army, wanted his daughters to have a little gayety during their holidays. Their home, he felt, would be too sorrowful for them, Mrs. Van Pelt said, as their mother had been killed shortly before by the bursting of a rocket at a victory celebration.

The girls had been taken to the President's reception in the White House by their aunt and uncle, and had shaken the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. They had witnessed a parade. The streets were hung in bunting. The capital was dramatic with joyous celebration over the ending of the Civil War.

Dazzled by this brilliance, the boarding school misses accompanied their aunt and uncle to the theater, where the President and Mrs. Lincoln were to appear in a box as a climax of the week's festivities.

Although intrigued by the play, "Our American Cousin," the two girls could not let their glance stray for long from the President's flag draped box, Mrs. Van Pelt said.

Harriet was looking toward this box just as John Wilkes Booth stepped into it.

"I thought it was some theater attendant," she said. "The box was about 25 or 30 feet away, to the right of our seats. A moment later a shot was heard. I recall nothing of Major Rathbone's grappling with Booth and being stabbed by the assassin, nor of Booth leaping to

the stage from the front railing of the box, although these things happened. I remember only the President's head on the shoulder of Mrs. Lincoln, and hearing some one say quietly, 'Mr. Lincoln has been shot.'

"The curtain was rung down, which left the house in darkness for a moment. Every one was confused. A sort paralysis gripped the house. Then the lights were turned on.

"I saw the President being carried out of the box. After he had been removed from the theater and taken to a boarding house across the street, the throngs made their way out of the theater stunned. The next day we returned to school. Among my schoolmates there to whom I told my experience in witnessing the tragedy was Ida Saxton, later the wife of President McKinley (who died of an assassin's bullet Sept. 14, 1901)."

On May 1st President Lincoln's funeral train stopped beneath an elaborate arch in Michigan City, where it was met by a group of Chicagoans and accompanied to Chicago and then to Springfield. Among the Michigan City young ladies escorting the body to Chicago was Harriet, dressed in white like the others.

The next year Harriet married Maj. John Simpson of the 59th Indiana Infantry, who had served under General Grant and had marched with her second cousin, General Sherman, to the sea. Ten years Harriet's senior, Maj. Simpson had told her mother when she was a little girl that he would "wait until Hattie grew up" and marry her. She married again after his death.

For 20 years Mrs. Van Pelt lived in the Lexington hotel here, then returned to Michigan City.

Witnessing the President's assassination did not dim her enthusiasm for the theater. She "loves bridge, the movies, and the stage," reads a great deal and without glasses, and says she feels as she did when she was 18, except that she "can't get around as rapidly."

Mrs. Van Pelt showed the feminine reticence of her generation toward personal publicity and was extremely reluctant to be photographed for the first time for a newspaper.

----by Virginia Gardner.
The Chicago Tribune.
February 12, 1936.

A Close-up of Lincoln.

W. A. Russell (Bull Run Russell), the war correspondent of the London Times who came to the United States in 1861 to cover the Civil War, wrote a letter to his paper soon after he reached Washington giving a description of Abraham Lincoln, which for a faithful delineation of the Great Emancipator has never been surpassed nor probably ever equaled. He said in part:

"....soon afterward there entered, with a shambling, loose, irregular, almost unsteady gait, a tall, lank, lean man, considerably over six feet in height, with stooping shoulders, long pendulous arms, terminating in hands of extraordinary dimensions, which, however, were far exceeded in proportion by his feet. He was dressed in an ill-fitting, wrinkled suit of black, which put one in mind of an undertaker's uniform at a funeral; round his neck a rope of black silk was knotted in a large bulb, with flying ends projecting beyond the collar of his coat; his turned-down shirt collar disclosed a sinewy muscular yellow neck, and above that, nestling in a great black mass of hair, bristling and compact like a ruff of mourning pins, rose the strange quaint face and head, covered with its thatch of wild republican hair, of President Lincoln. The impression produced by the size of his extremities, and by his flapping and wide projecting ears, may be removed by the appearance of kindliness, sagacity, and the awkward bonhommie of his face; the mouth is absolutely prodigious; the lips, straggling and extending almost from one line of black beard to the other, are only kept in order by two deep furrows from the nostril to the chin; the nose itself--a prominent organ--stands out from the face, with an inquiring, anxious air, as though it were sniffing for some good thing in the wind; the eyes, dark, full, and deeply set, are penetrating, but full of an expression which almost amounts to tenderness; and above them projects the shaggy brow, running into the small hard frontal space, the development of which can scarcely be estimated accurately, owing to the irregular flocks of thick hair carelessly brushed across it. One would say that, although the mouth was made to enjoy a joke, it could also utter the severest sentence which the head could dictate, but that Mr. Lincoln would be ever more willing to temper justice with mercy, and to enjoy what he considers the amenities of life, than to take a harsh view of men's nature and of the world, and to estimate things in an ascetic or puritan spirit. A person who met Mr. Lincoln

in the street would not take him to be what--according to the usages of European society--is called a 'gentleman'; and, indeed, since I came to the United States, I have heard more disparaging allusions made by Americans to him on that account than I could have expected among simple republicans, where all should be equals; but, at the same time, it would not be possible for the most indifferent observer to pass him in the street without notice."

----- from
"A Line O' Type or Two"
Chicago Tribune.
2/12/36.

New Lincoln Letter Found.

With Lincoln's birthday approaching, it is highly interesting that a "new" Lincoln letter has been discovered. Haydn Gunter, mining engineer and autograph collector of Tampa, Florida, found the letter among old papersin Haines City, Florida, and is now in Washington to discuss his find with experts.

The letter, addressed to a Dr. Theodore Canisius, a German-American, in answer to two questions which he had put to Lincoln, was written in Springfield May 17, 1859, before Lincoln's nomination to the presidency, and expresses the writer's willingness to support a Southern man in 1860 if the Southerner would place himself "on Republican grounds."

The text of the letter follows:

"Your note asking, inbehalf of yourself and other German citizens, whether I am for or against the constitutional provision in regardto naturalized citizens lately adopted by Massachusetts, and whether I am for or against a fusion of the Republicans and other opposition elements, for the canvass of 1860, is received.

"Massachusetts is a sovereign and independent state and it is no privilege of mine to scold her for what she does. Still, if from what she has done an inference is sought to be drawn as to what I would do, I may, without impropriety, speak out. I say, then, that as I understand the Massachusetts provision, I am against the adoption in Illinois or in any other place where I have the right to oppose it. Understanding the spirit of our institutions to aim at the elevation of men, I am opposed to whatever tends to degrade them. I have some little notoriety for commiserating the oppressed condition of the Negro, and I should be strangely inconsistent if I could favor any project for curtailing the existing rights of white men, even though brown in different lands and speaking different languages from myself.

"As to thematter of fusion, I am for it if it can be had on Republican grounds, and I am not for it on any other terms. A fusion on any other terms would be as foolish as unprincipled. I would lose the whole north, while the common enemywould still carry the whole south. The question of men is a different one. There are good, patriotic men and able statesmen in the south, whom I would cheerfully support if they would now place themselves on Republican grounds, but I amagainst letting down

the Republican standard a hair's breadth.

"I have written this hastily, but I believe it answers your questions substantially."

Yours truly,

A. Lincoln.

--- Pike County Republican.
February 5, 1936.

Mrs. Mary Dow Dies; Grandchild of 'Minute Man.'

Funeral services for Mrs. Mary Stiles Dow, 90 years old, granddaughter of a "minute man" of the revolutionary war, will be held this afternoon in Joliet. Mrs. Dow died Saturday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Alfred R. Utt, in Plainfield, Ill.

During most of her life Mrs. Dow resided in Pittsfield, in Pike county (Ill.). She often told of attending several of the Lincoln-Douglas debates. She was active in the affairs of the Daughters of the American Revolution and was an honorary member of the Anan Harmon chapter in Glen Ellyn. When the new Lincoln tomb was dedicated at Springfield in 1931 Mrs. Dow was one of the guests of honor.

Born in Elizabeth, N.J., in 1846, Mrs. Dow was brought to Illinois when she was 5 months old. The trip was made by water and the family settled in the farming community at Pittsfield. It was there she heard several speeches of Douglas and Lincoln and often recalled how Lincoln visited the town in an open carriage, tipping his tall hat in greeting. She attended Lincoln's funeral.

Mrs. Dow was married twice. Her first husband was Doris B. Bates, a civil war captain who was wounded in the battle of Shiloh. His commission signed by Lincoln is still retained by the family. Mr. Bates died in 1880 and Mrs. Dow remarried. Her second husband died in 1910. Mrs. Dow was the granddaughter of Moses Winans, who was a "Minute Man".

--- Chicago Tribune.
April 14, 1936.

Mary Bates Dow.

Mrs. Mary Dow is dead at 90, She passed away at the home of her only child, Mrs Sarah Bates Utt, at Plainfield, Illinois, at 6 o'clock Saturday evening (April 11, 1936). She had been ill for several weeks, so ill she could not attend the recent meeting of the D.A.R. at Joliet. She was one of the most faithful and enthusiastic of the revolutionary daughters.

Mary Stiles Winans was one of the grand pioneers of this western country. Her name was associated with many that are blood-stirring--Maje Bates, her first husband, hero of the Civil War and the Tilman Joy of John Hay's "Banty Tim"; John George Nicolay, her brother-in-law and private secretary to President Abraham Lincoln; and Augustus Dow, her second husband, pay clerk for the Army of the Cumberland in the Civil War, state legislator and early Pittsfield (Illinois) merchant and miller.

Mrs. Dow was a real grand-daughter of the American Revolution, grand-daughter of two soldiers who fought in that war. When not quite six months of age, Mrs. Dow, youngest of seven children in the family of Janos W. Winans, came from Elizabeth, New Jersey, to these Illinois prairies, her family settling here in Pittsfield after a tedious three week's journey by way of the old Erie Canal, thence by carriage and pair. The family furniture came by waterway, New York to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi and Illinois rivers to Florence. This was in 1846. She still had in her possession a table and highboy which came by this tedious course to the west.

Here in Pittsfieldshe remembered having heard Lincoln speak in the court house square in 1858. Visiting at the Glandon home here last June, she on that occasion delighted the writer with many stories of early Pittsfield. Her memory was keen, her interest in current events unimpaired, and she conversed in a most interesting manner on local and American history, drawing on an immense storehouse of personal recollections. Interviewed by the Chicago Tribune four years ago, she said, speaking of Lincoln's visit to Pittsfield in 1858:

"Open carriages were rare at the time, at least in the Pittsfield community, and I remember that Lincoln was obliged to lean from the side of his conveyance as he tipped his tall hat, acknowledging the greetings of the townspeople."

When the new Lincoln tomb was dedicated at Springfield, Mrs. Dow was one of the invited guests on the platform. When she visited Henry Ford's historical village in Detroit, she posed for a tintype, being asked to do so because she had passed her eightieth milestone.

"Many elderly people," said Mrs. Dow, "are inclined to cease being interested in affairs. The D.A.R. means everything to me." She became connected with the local D.A.R. Chapter in Glen Ellyn, Ill., when she resided with her daughter there. About seven years ago, she moved with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred R. Utt, to Plainfield, Ill. A chair in Constitution Hall of the D.A.R. was named for her.

Mrs. Dow's first husband was Capt. Dorus E. (Maje) Bates, of the noted Pittsfield family of that name. Bates fell at Vicksburg, a ghastly wound in his right arm, His negro attendant, a boy named Rosecrans, dragged him behind the lines, plugged the wound with a quid of tobacco, saving his master's life. Bates, recovering, brought Rosecrans home with him to Pittsfield, and he remained four months in the Bates home, the long rambling house that once stood opposite the K.P. Theatre and which was later removed to the vicinity of the King Mill, where it still stands. Here, Threna Bates, Maje's sister, who married Nicolay, Lincoln's secretary, taught "Rosa," as he was known to the early citizens, to read. Rosa was was the "Banty Tim" of John Hay's famous poem as Maje Bates was the Tilman Joy of the poem. Mrs. Dow retained as a souvenir her husband's commission as Captain, signed by Lincoln.

Capt. Bates died in 1880 and his wife remained a widow for 17 years, when she married Augustus Dow, whose first wife, Jennie E. Winans, was her sister. Mr. Dow had been born in South Coventry, Tolland county, Connecticut, October 9, 1841, and was a clerk in a Pittsfield store until 1862, when he entered the service of the government under Major W. E. Norris, with headquarters at Louisville, Ky. After the war, Mr. Dow returned to Pittsfield and established himself as a drygoods merchant, continuing in the business until 1872, when he joined C. P. Chapman in the milling business. In 1898, following the death of Chapman, M. D. King was admitted to partnership and the firm became Dow & King. Mr. Dow died April 24, 1909.

Mrs. Dow was born January 23, 1846, and her 90th birthday was celebrated last January at her daughter's home with about 30 friends on one of the coldest days of the winter.

Funeral services were held yesterday (April 14, 1936) in Joliet, Ill., and her body is to be cremated and the ashes later brought here for sepulcher.

Mrs. Dow, when here last June, had a happy reunion with Mrs. Mayme Grigsby and others of her old friends, among them Rebecca (Becky) Lame, they being the last of that gay reception party in the old Garbutt home following the wedding of John George Nicolay and Threna Bates in 1864. John Hay was best man at the wedding. Both Nicolay and Hay were then in the personal service of Lincoln and the Civil War was at its height.

Nancy Heath, first white woman born on the site of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Pittsfield's first school teacher, was one of Mrs. Dow's cherished memories. She went to school here in early days to Lizzie Thomson, daughter of the John D. Thomsons, at whose school John Hay received his academic training. She had most interesting recollections of Pittsfield's early doctors, Seeley, Spencer, Worthington and especially Ledlie, who carried the wonders of modern surgery to the tented field in the Civil War. Descended from noted Revolutionary forebears, her family saw service in all the great wars of the Republic.

--- The Pike County Republican.
April 15, 1936.

Lincoln ----

Nicolay's Editorial Was First Suggestion of Lincoln For President.

FOR PRESIDENT, HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
Subject to the Decision of the National Republican Convention.

We are very confident that we express the almost unanimous sentiment of the Republicans of Pike county in the announcement we make at the head of this article -- a sentiment founded not only on the personal attachment to and admiration of Mr. Lincoln, but prompted also by a careful estimate of his qualifications both as to his fitness and availability to be chosen as the candidate in the coming campaign. It is conceded that the states of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana and Illinois will be the decisive battleground in the approaching contest, and of them Pennsylvania and Illinois are most hopeful of Republican success. While that Mr. Lincoln would be as acceptable to the Republican voters of Pennsylvania as any man whose name has yet been mentioned, we know he is beyond comparison the strongest man for the state of Illinois. We do not state this as mere speculation -- the fact is acceptable of demonstration by figures. Give us Lincoln as the candidate and we can promise the electoral vote of Illinois for the Republicans, as a sure result. It is due to the growing interest and power of the west that the next Republican convention shall give her a candidate on the presidential ticket, and to no man in the west does the honor more pre-eminently belong than to Lincoln. From the introduction of the Nebraska bill to the present time, he has fought the extension of slavery as the champion chosen and pitted against the great apostle of popular sovereignty and has wrested triumph after triumph from the Little Giant for republicanism in the west.

We shall have yet onemore battle with the delusion of Douglas ism in the state of Illinois, and with no man's weapons can we arm ourselves as securely or fight as successfully as with the arguments offensive and defensive which Abe Lincoln has furnished us. Whatever may be the choice of the politicians, the people of Illinois are undoubtedly for Lincoln. They know him honest and capable, a man of simple habits and plain manners, but possessing a true heart and one of the noblest intellects in the land. He maintains the faith of the fathers of the Republic, he believes in the Declaration of Independence, he yields obediance to the Constitution and laws of his country. He has the radicalism

of Jefferson and of Clay and the conservatism of Washington and Jackson. In his hands the union would be safe.

--- editorial from
The Pike County Journal.
February 9, 1860.

--- reprinted in
The Pike County Republican.
Centennial Issue.
June 10, 1942.

Isaac R. Diller.

Isaac R. Diller died at his home in Springfield, Illinois on September 28, 1943, at the age of 89.

At the age of six he inadvertantly appeared in a picture showing Mr. Lincoln, Willie and Tad at Springfield home, in 1860.

He had run across the street to the house and was standing on the curb at the corner of the fence around the house, when the photographer snapped the picture. He had turned his head to look at a horse and wagon coming down the sreet, which resulted in a blur, although his little body remained distinct.

The photo was taken by J. A. Whipple of Boston, probably during the campaign of 1860.

----The Lincoln Herald
December, 1943.

Pittsfield A Lincoln Shrine.

Pittsfield a Lincoln shrine? Why not? The town is rich in Lincoln tradition and in memories of his great associates, John Hay (author of "Pike County Ballads") and John George Nicolay (the Bee Creek miller's son).

Here it was that Lincoln, Nicolay and Hay formed that famous friendship that was to endure until Lincoln fell by the hand of an assassin, a friendship that was destined to affect the course of history.

No one may guess the mighty influence upon America's destiny that flowed from a chance meeting here on Pittsfield's public square of Abraham Lincoln and John George Nicolay.

These circumstances of the associations of Lincoln with pioneer Pittsfield and the town's early families were reviewed most entertainingly in the course of M. S. Barber's celebration of Lincoln's birthday last week (story in last week's Republican). Joseph C. Shastid, a Lincoln admirer, took occasion to commend to Mr. Barber's guests a program to make Pittsfield a Lincoln shrine.

Not unmeet it was that this suggestion should come from a member of the Shastid family. The early Pittsfield Shastids, John Greene and Elizabeth Edwards Shastid, knew Lincoln. They had lived neighbors of Lincoln at New Salem, in what is now Menard county, then a part of Sangamon county. The Shastid boys, among them the late Dr. Tom and Schoolmaster Jon, often went to Lincoln's store in New Salemfor a jug of molasses or on some other errand for their mother.

So it was not strange that Abe Lincoln should come often to visit his old friends the Shastids, after they removed to the then new town of Pittsfield in 1836. Often he was entertained in the old Shastid house which still stands at 326 East Jefferson, and which Joe Shastid suggests be purchased and dedicated as a Lincoln shrine.

It was Joe's father (Dr. Tom Shastid, the old "country doctor" of beloved memory) who one day in the 1850s introduced Abraham Lincoln and John George Nicolay in a little prinshop that stood on the east side of Pittsfield's public square, thereby kindling a powder chain of events that was to blaze to glory in the famous Wigwam convention of 1860 which nominated Lincoln for President of the United States. In this

convention, Nicolay's great Lincoln editorial, published in a Pittsfield newspaper, was reprinted and circulated among convention delegates and had much to do with the final turning of a majority of the delegates to Lincoln.

Joe Shastid's brothers, Dr. Thomas Hall Shastid of Duluth, Minn., (who is soon to publish a volume of Pike county reminiscenees) and Jon Shastid of Kansas have also urged Pittsfield as another Lincoln shrine. Dr. Thomas Hall Shastid has in fact chided us more than once for our seeming neglect of Pittsfield's historic resources. He has suggested that along with acquiring shoe factories and hospitals and pay rolls we might also to good advantage capitalize our historic values.

Perhaps Dr. Shastid is right. Perhaps, as Wordsworth put it, "the world is too much with us."

Dr. Shastid rates Pittsfield as third in the state in Lincoln importance--New Salem, Springfield, Pittsfield. Surely Pittsfield can prove its claim as a Lincoln Shrine. Immeasurable are the influences it has exerted upon America's destiny through that imperishable triumvirate--Lincoln, Hay, Nicolay.

Is it not worth thinking about--this suggestion of the Shastids that Pittsfield assume its rightful place in Lincoln annals?

Unquestionably, as Dr. Thomas Hall Shastid once put it in a letter to this newspaper, we are unwittingly denying ourselves "the finest publicity that ever in this world got down on its knees and begged to be adopted."

---- editorial
Pike County Republican.
Pittsfield, Ill.
February 21, 1945.

Lincoln ---

The Lincoln Family Records.

When Abraham Lincoln's father died in a Goose Nest Prairie log cabin near Charleston, Illinois, on January 17, 1851, the son was not at the bedside. Shortly after, however, he visited his stepmother, Sarah Bush Lincoln, joining in a reunion of kith and kin. And they gave the best of their information and belief to a record of the marriages, births and deaths of the Lincoln family.

In Abraham Lincoln's handwriting this record went into the family Bible. Time passed and a few years after the death of President Lincoln his cousin, Dennis Hanks, leaving Charleston for a visit with his daughter, removed from the family Bible the record leaf written by Abraham Lincoln. In 1888 this documentary page came into the hands of Jesse Weik, the young Hoosier collaborating with William H. Herndon on a biography of Lincoln, Weik noting, "Dennis tore out and wore out the Bible record."

Whether Dennis carried the priceless authoritative document of important dates in a hip or vest pocket we have no word. And though creased and worn, it still serves students and biographers.

I saw the original a few days ago when Oliver R. Barrett let it come out for a while from a fireproof vault.

Only in recent weeks has Barrett finished a research that tells us what it was that Abraham Lincoln wrote in the five lines of the upper right hand corner of the Bible leaf; a creased corner that got worn or torn off and lost.

On those five lines Lincoln wrote the birth dates of his father Thomas Lincoln and his mother Nancy Hanks and the date of their marriage. Having this data we are able now to correct the mistaken dates now chiselled on gravestone and memorial tablets and to fill in the blanks where several good and well meaning biographers are vague or incomplete.

Naturally, too, it is well to have now the birth date of Lincoln's mother as he himself wrote it in the family Bible inasmuch as the Historical Society Spencer County, Indiana, has plans and hopes for a memorial stamp commemorating the 125th anniversary of the death of Nancy Hanks, the petition for such a stamp now having upward of half a million signatures.

The missing five lines of the Bible leaf record as restored through the Barrett research read:

"Thos. Lincoln was born Jan. the 6th A. D. 1778 and
was married June 12th 1806 to Nancy Hanks who was
born Feb. 5th 1784.
Sarah Lincoln Daughter of Thos. and"

And how can we be sure these are the five lines torn or worn, lost and missing from the Bible leaf record that Lincoln wrote? By four separate and different pieces of evidence in the Barrett collection.

John D. Johnston, good looking, well spoken and somewhat lazy and shiftless, a son of Sarah Bush Lincoln by her first marriage, and a foster brother of Abraham Lincoln, was going to move to Arkansas. Johnston copied from the family Bible the entire record there made in Lincoln's handwriting. On a blank page of an account book Johnston entered the Bible leaf record where it may be seen today, the outstanding item amid the record of numerous sales of whiskey at 50 cents a gallon.

John J. Hall, a cousin of Lincoln, and a grandson of Sarah Bush Lincoln, living with her at the time that Lincoln wrote the family Bible record, also made a copy of that record before Dennis Hanks removed it. Hall's copy was kept in the Lincoln cabin until 1891. Visitors to the cabin often saw this Hall copy of the Lincoln record. On at least three occasions John J. Hall's copy of the Lincoln record was given publication. The History of Coles County, published in Chicago, 1879, has this entry: "While in the old cabin where he(Thomas Lincoln) lived and died, we were shown the family record copied by Mr. Hall from a leaf of the family Bible....It reads Thomas Lincoln was born Jan. 6, 1778, and was married June 6, 1806, to Nancy Hanks, who was born Feb. 5, 1784 ...."

In a large scrapbook where plain handwriting tells us it was "made by Nancy A. Hall, great-granddaughter of Sarah Bush Lincoln, Goose Nest Prairie, near Charleston, Illinois," is a clipping of one of a series of newspaper articles titled "Half Century in Coles County," by John Cunningham, Chapter 11, Pleasant Grove, The Lincoln Family. The writer tells of relic hunters carrying off family records, though "Mr. John Hall has a copy, however, of a leaf from the Lincoln family Bible, which I give entire."

Then follows the text with the birth dates identical with the record in the county history and the John D. Johnston account book, and there is still another newspaper

clipping, this from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, saying: "Mr. Hall retained nothing (of family relics) but a copy of the family record, the only genealogy kept by the Lincoln family, incomplete though it was, which is given in full below."

Maybe this all seems a little complicated, and possibly unnecessary, to some people. To others of us it is nice to have this record nailed down and secure. It throws out of the window and disposes securely of several loose-tongued writers and gossips of former generations. And if the Nancy Hanks memorial stamp is issued this year the date of her birth, February 5, 1784, can be printed with confident accuracy.

And I am glad that one of our Chicago trial lawyers is an antiquarian with gifts of imagination and deduction that make his worn relics and faded records come alive for use and service.

--- by Carl Sandburg.

--- The Daily Times.
Chicago, Ill.
February 7, 1943.

Lincoln --

Black Saturday.

If ever this nation had a Black Saturday it was on April 15, 1865, when the news of Abraham Lincoln's death was flashed to every city and village that had a telegraph station.

Men stopping at the saloons in Central City (Colorado) for their morning drinks heard of it, and sorrow caused by the tragedy was as great in the mining town as anywhere in the country. When, therefore, Bill Tabor (not related to H. A. W.) on being told of the news was reported to have said, "I am glad of it; served him right," feelings against Tabor ran high.

Tabor was a native of Kentucky and in Central City was regarded as a southerner. His remark was considered by the townspeople as scarcely suitable for the occasion.

Deputy Sheriff Bill Cozens, the only officer in town that day, soon heard crowds muttering a threat to lynch Tabor. Cozens sought advice from a Dr. Worral, member of the legislature from Gilpin County, who advised him to protect the man by tossing him in jail. The good doctor assured Cozens of his support in dealing with any potential mob. Cozens found Tabor and marched him to jail.

In the meantime, a wire sent to the commander of federal troops at Denver had brought the reply, "Turn him over to the people, and if they fail to deal with him, send him to me in irons," When this became known H. M. Teller, a prominent citizen of the town, warned Dr. Worral that a lynching appeared imminent. "They shall not hang Tabor," Dr. Worral answered. "Mr. Teller, you and I can prevent it."

They hurried to the jail, where the fears of both were confirmed. Firebrand leaders of a mob, shuffling around the small building, were urging immediate action. But one man broke in with the suggestion that, after all, Tabor should be given a regular trial, or what would pass for atrial, The idea was accepted, and at 2 o'clock the crowd gathered in the town theater to organize a miner's court.

C. B. Clements, who at one time was receiver of the land office was elected judge, and Willard Teller, a brother of H. M. Teller, was chosen prosecuting attorney. When it became evident no lawyer would undertake the defense, Dr. Worral said he would serve as the prisoner's counsel.

Tabor was brought on the stage, and young Teller presented his case in such a manner there could be no doubt but that Tabor made the offending statement.

Dr. Worral did not deny the facts. Rather, he based his defense on four points: first that Bill Tabor had been born in Kentucky; second, he had been taunted with being a Rebel and had replied with his inflamatory statement; third, he was under the influence of liquor at the time; and fourth, he had a widowed mother and a widowed sister depending on him for support. There appeared, however, little hope that Tabor could be saved from the noose.

Ordinary rules of procedure were disregarded to permit Dr. Worral to give the closing argument. Before he began his last appeal Charley Post, "a dashing young attorney of the city," came forward to advise Tabor that as soon as Dr. Worral had finished that he (Tabor) should ask the crowd's pardon for what he had said. A Presbytrian preacher joined them to help plead for the man.

When Dr. Worral was done with his last word, the preacher requested the crowd to hear Tabor. Tabor advanced to the footlights, confessedhe had been drunk and humbly begged forgiveness. Before the spell could be broken, Charley Post moved that the prisoner be sent to Denver.

"Judge" Clements ordered a vote taken on whether Tabor should be hanged or sent to Denver. The verdict was against the death penalty, and Tabor was hurried out a back door and returned to jail.

Dr. Worral was among the last to leave the theater. An angry group of men, enraged by the fact that Tabor had escaped their wrath, met Worral outside with a rope. Before any harm was done, a big, powerful fellow, whose name remains unknown, barked an odd threat, "You touch one hair of his head and your town shall be in flames before night." Dr. Worral took advantage of the momentary surprise created by his defender, pushed through the crowd and reached home unmolested.

As for Tabor, he was taken to Denver the next day and turned over tothe army. No charges were preferred, and a weeklater he was released. Tabor was not heard of again.

--- by Le Roy Boyd.
Las Animas, Colorado.
--- Rocky Mountain Life.
April, 1949.

Pike County ---

House Where Lincoln Visited Being Remodeled.

One of Pittsfield's oldest landmarks is undergoing some changes. The old Shastid house, at 326 East Jefferson Street, now owned and occupied by the Victor Montequin family is having an addition built onto the east side.

This old house was built in the summer and fall of 1838, by the late John Greene Shastid, grandfather of Professor Joseph Shastid of this city, and of Jon Shastid of Dodge City and the late Dr. Thomas Hall Shastid of Duluth.

John Greene Shastid was a native of Kentucky and his wife Elizabeth (Edwards) was a native of North Carolina and they came to Illinois and settled in Sangamon County. Mr. Shastid owned forty acres of land adjoining the town of New Salem, where Abraham Lincoln was clerk and manager of the Offut store, and where, a year or so later, he, Mr. Lincoln, was to open his own ill-fated store, also to officiate as surveyor and postmaster.

It was there that John Greene Shastid became acquainted with the man who later became famous. Thos. W. Shastid, eldest son of John Greene Shastid, was born in Sangamon County, and although he was very young when the family left Sangamon County, he retained some recollection of Lincoln as he was then--in the early 1830's. John Shastid was of service to Mr. Lincoln in many small ways and Mr. Lincoln never forgot that fact, and on his numerous trips to Pittsfield he usually called at the Shastid home.

Lincoln visited many times in the house which, until the present time, has changed very little since it was built, and the present generation of Shastids can tell many interesting anecdotes concerning the famous man's visits to their home, as related to them by their father and grandfather.

In the year of 1836, in the month of January, John Greene Shastid and his family came, in a covered wagon from Sangamon County to Pittsfield, where, at that time, there were only six houses. They settled in a one-story, two-room, red house, about 20 by 30 feet in dimensions, which was set on the south of the lot where the house now owned by Montequin stands.

In the summer and fall of 1838 Mr. Shastid built a new home, (largely with his own hands) consisting of five rooms, the floors of which were of rough lumber. The studding and floor joists were also of rough-hewn

timber. Some of the joists are as thick as a man's body.

Before the Christian Church was built in Pittsfield, church services were held once each month in the large front (south) room of the Shastid home, by a visiting preacher, who also conducted a communion service at that time.

This front room contains a fireplace, with which the room was heated. (The Montequins now have natural gas heat).

Mr. Shastid continued to occupy this house until after the death of his wife, in 1863. Then he left the home, to live with his son Thomas W. (who, at that time, owned and occupied the house on the corner of North Monroe and East Jefferson Streets owned now by Mr. and Mrs. Claude Watson).

The five-room house was vacant for a short while, but has been occupied most of the time since it was built. Several years ago the Shastid brothers sold it to Victor Montequin, who has done very little to change the appearance of the house. He has installed new windows and a couple of years ago had the house covered with imitation brick asbestos siding.

When Mr. Montequin was tearing off the siding, he found a strip of walnut lumber on which is carved the year "1837." All of the siding is of walnut. Mr. Montequin plans to refinish the strip of wood and keep it as a souvenir, to hang in his living room. Since it is known definitely that the house was built in 1838, it is presumed that someone carved the date on the board at the time the lumber was cut, as it was customary to season the lumber for building purposes for a year after it was cut.

--- Pike County Republican.
Pittsfield, Ill.
October 18, 1951.

Note: see "My Father Knew Lincoln" by Thomas Hall Shastid. "The Nation" (magazine) of February 20, 1929.

Lincoln Never Had a "Commencement."

In this season of commencements for high schools and colleges the air is filled with the breath of youthful ambitions and discussions of its possibilities.

Students graduating from high school turn their thoughts toward college, if the financial condition of their families is such that hope of a college education is justifiable.

In the midst of this atmosphere a little statement as to the education of Abraham Lincoln, recently written by John H. Finley, editor of the New York Times, is worth considering. Dr. Finley is a former college president, and has spent his life in close association with the modern trend. He could not thus escape the widespread debate on adult education of which we hear so much nowadays.

Dr. Finley writes that Lincoln set a hard pace for the modern disciples of adult education. He recalls that Lincoln never studied a text book in grammar until after he was 23 years old, and yet he became master of perhaps the most perfect style of English writing that his generation had known.

At the age of 40, when he was in congress, Lincoln turned to the study of Euclid that he might train his mind in a clear and definite line of reasoning on any proposition, so that he could distinguish the "proof" of a statement from a "demonstration" of the same. He worked at his self-appointed task until he had mastered the whole six books of Euclid, a task which a much younger brain would consider hard driving.

Such intense discipline of himself easily accounts for that perfection of reasoning out a given proposition which had its acme of exemplification in Lincoln's famous Cooper Institute speech, when he set out to prove that the fathers of the republic never approved of slavery, and by the time he had ended his speech he had clinched his argument so unmistakably that his fame arose overnight to national proportions.

One can understand, therefore, why Lincoln answered a friend who offered to dress up his Cooper Institute speech by saying "I do not want the sense changed by a hairs breadth."

Taking Lincoln's education as a text for application to modern schools, Dr. Finley said: "We have set up a wonderfully effectual machine for elementary education and compelled every child to pass through it on the way to literacy. But if in doing this we do not inspire or foster in the child a zeal for knowledge, a desire to go on and on as did Lincoln in his search for ideas and inhis effort to put them into plain language, bounding his thought north, south, east and west, and finally demonstrating it, we are missing the major purpose ~~in~~ of education.

---Bloomington, Ill. Pantagraph. Printed in the Chicago Tribune, June 16, 1932.

Lincoln ----

Lincoln's Great Grandchildren.

The last surviving grandchild of Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. Jessie Lincoln Randolph, died January 5,1948 in a hospital in Rutland, Vermont. She was the youngest of three children born to Robert T. and Mary Harlan Lincoln. Her death brings to a close another generation of the Lincoln family and there survives but one other family group, the three great grandchildren of the President.

Mrs. Randolph's sister, Mrs. Mary Lincoln Isham, died in New York nearly ten years ago and left an only son, Lincoln Isham, who still survives. Mrs. Randolph leaves a daughter, Mary Lincoln Beckwith, and a son, Robert Lincoln Beckwith, children of a former marriage. There are no other direct descendents of President Lincoln now living.

---- "Line O' Type"
Tribune. Chicago.
March 6, 1948.
Quoted from "Lincoln Lore Bulletin."

Lincoln ---

1956

Find Article on Founding of State GOP.

A first-hand account of a meeting leading to the founding of the Republican Party in Illinois, and Abraham Lincoln's part in it, has been acquired by the Illinois State Historical Library.

State Historian Dr. Harry E. Pratt said an eight-page hand written article by Paul Selby, then editor of a weekly newspaper in Jacksonville and later editor of the Illinois State Journal, concerning the the February 22, 1856 "Illinois Editorial Convention," turned up in a collection of papers acquired by the library.

Meet in Decatur.

The convention, at Decatur, was held with the approval of "15 or 18 editors ... men who had been members of various political parties and who still probably entertained a variety of political opinions."

Proposed by Selby, the meeting appointed a state central committee which issued the call for the famous Bloomington convention May 29, 1856, the first state convention of the Republican Party.

The Decatur meeting was designed to plan a course of action against the pro-slavery papers and the Kansas-Nebraska Act, which opponents of slavery feared would permit the spread of slavery to free soil.

Editors Attend.

Editors of the Chicago Staats Zeitung, Quincy Whig, Peoria Republican, Princeton Post, Lacon Gazette, Dixon Telegraph, Jonesboro Gazette and a number of other newspapers attended the meeting. Selby was elected to preside.

Lincoln and Richard J. Oglesby, later three-times Illinois governor, were among the invited guests, according to Selby's account. Lincoln addressed the meeting at lenght.

The resolutions drawn up at the conference later were adopted as the new party's platform in Bloomington, where Lincoln made his famous "lost speech" which no one recorded.

--- Sun-Times.
Chicago, Ill.
January 22, 1956.

Lincoln-Douglas Memorial Unveiled With Impressive Exercises and Big Crowd.

Governor Horner Last Speaker on Afternoon Program.

Seven There at '58 Debate are Presented.

Quincy, Illinois. October 13, 1936.

With impressive ceremonies lasting from 2:30 o'clock until after 5 o'clock the bronze memorial commemorating the debate between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas on October 13, 1858 was dedicated and unveiled in Washington Park Tuesday afternoon, exactly 78 years after the political giants of early Illinois debated the slavery question in the pioneer village square where now stands the impressive bronze and granite memorial.

Launched by a parade of Quincy school children down Maine Street to Washington Park, and with the principal address delivered by Dr. Louis A. Warren of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, noted authority upon Lincoln, the varied program of dedication was concluded by an eloquent address by Governor Henry Horner. The actual unveiling of the beautiful bronze tablet, designed by Lorado Taft, noted American sculptor, was done by Edward Sohm and Michael Cashman, aged Quincy citizens who, as boys, attended the memorable debate which the memorial commemorates.

An accurate estimate of the size of the crowd attending the dedication ceremonies would be impossible. It was a shifting, moving crowd, which fluctuated in size, being largest perhaps at the outset of the program and at the conclusion, when hundreds unable to appear earlier came to see the actual uncovering of the memorial. At its peak, however, the crowd numbered thousands of men, women and children, gathered to honor Illinois' great citizens, Lincoln and Douglas.

The bronze, granite-mounted bas-relief portraying Lincoln, Douglas and honored guests who were upon the platform the day the opponent and exponent of slavery debated in Quincy, stands near the eastern edge of Washington Park, midway between Maine and Hampshire Streets, facing east. Survivors who were present at the debate say this is the approximate location of the speakers' platform the debaters used,

and the platform upon which the dedication program was presented Tuesday was directly north of the memorial.

Spectators arrived at the speakers' platform Tuesday even before the scheduled hour for the ceremonies, and when Andrew C. Schnack called the assemblage to order at 2:30 o'clock, the area surrounding the platform was packed, and additional hundreds and thousands stood at other vantage points, many in Fifth Street, which was closed to traffic from Hampshire to Maine Streets.

School children who had marched to the scene in the parade opening the ceremonies represented no small part of the audience, and as the afternoon wore on many of them darted in and out of the crowd, intent upon anything but the program, much as children probably disrupted the memorable debate 78 years ago. If the crowd had its inattentive members, even among adults, however, it was in general an attentive, and certainly a patient crowd.

The setting for the dedication was perfect. No better weather could have been ordered, and instead of the rain that had been feared the day was warm and bright. It might have been a day in late summer, and many packed into the more congested vantage points found it almost too warm.

The Rev. Monsignor Thomas E. Cusack opened the program with prayer, after which Mrs. A. O. Howd sang the Star Spangled Banner. Loren C. Cox, chairman of the local general committee in charge of securing the memorial, was then introduced. He spoke briefly and introduced Mayor Leo W. Lenane, who welcomed the honored guests and the spectators.

A thrill coursed through the crowd then as Mr. Cox introduced one by one the living survivors of the debate, six men and one woman, who as children were present when Lincoln and Douglas met in Quincy back in 1858. They were, in the order introduced, E. K. Stone, Edward Sohm, Fred C. Altenheim, Henry Hampsmeyer, James Baird of Golden, Ill., Michael Cashman, and Mrs. Emma Kelley.

Mr. Cox then introduced the living members of John Woods Post, G. A. R., these veterans of the Civil War also being applauded by an audience which seemed to appreciate the importance of the occasion to these white-haired veterans of the struggle which preserved the union.

Remarks by Lorado Taft, in which he told briefly of his enjoyment in designing the memorial, were followed by community singing led by Clare Heald, and the address of the afternoon by Dr. Warren. The Peerless Harmonizers then sang "Lincoln," following with an encore, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

Although slightly behind schedule by this time, a delay in the program materialized through the lateness of the arrival of Governor Horner, who had to speed from Carthage to Quincy for his address. This delay, however, was bridged with music by the Quincy High School Band, and by the introduction of additional guests on the platform. Included were the national president of the Exchange Club, Dr. Kuno H. Struck, of Davenport, Iowa; Jacob Hanks, a descendant of the family of Nancy Hanks, mother of Lincoln; Matt Murphy, Illinois Commander of the American Legion, and Rabbi Louis Kuppin. All spoke briefly, and finally, at 4:30 o'clock, Governor Horner arrived, his car preceded by a motorcycle escort. A cheer arose from the crowd as the governor hastened to the platform amid a police escort. He was inroduced by Representative Thomas J. Lenane, who sponsored the bill appropriating $10,000 of state funds for the memorial.

The governor's half-hour address concluded at 5 o'clock, just as the yellowing October sun slanted back of the buildings west of Washington Park, and amid a hush followed by cheers and applause, the bunting which had covered the memorialwas drawn back by the two venerable survivors of the commemorated debate.

--- The Herald-Whig.
Quincy, Illinois.
October 14, 1936.

Says Lincoln Debated Here as Reformer, Not Politician, L. A. Warren Tells Quincyans.

Abraham Lincoln came to Quincy in 1858 to debate with Stephen A. Douglas as a great reformer, not as a politician, the thousands who attended the dedication of Quincy's Lincoln-Douglas debate memorial in Washington Park were told Tuesday afternoon by Dr. Louis A. Warren, director of the Lincoln National Life Foundation, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Dr. Warren, tracing the development of Lincoln's hatred for slavery from the atmosphere of his childhood and youth, denied that Lincoln's anti-slavery attitude was political, and described him as a "great reformer" arguing what was to him a soul burning moral issue.

Dr. Warren, student of Lincoln and accepted authority upon the life of the great Civil War president, introduced his address, "The Slavery Atmosphere Back of the Quincy Debate," by commenting upon the unique privilege Quincy was enjoying in dedicating a single monument to two Illinois men of great physical and mental contrasts. He spoke of the world acclaim given Lincoln today as one of the truly great men of all time, and suggested the surprise that Lincoln himself would express at such acclaim.

The Quincy debate was important in tracing the development of Lincoln's sentiments concerning slavery, Dr. Warren declared, because here he came as a great reformer attacking slavery directly as a great national wrong. Later in his address Dr. Warren added that the Quincy debate was considered particularly important by Lincoln because here he gained a victory he had been seeking, an admission from Douglas that Douglas contemplated that slavery would "last forever," which Lincoln constructed as a stand not only for slavery as it then existed, but for an extension of slavery into other territories of the nation.

Emphasizing that Lincoln in his great personal hatred of slavery was a great reformer, declaring that Lincoln was elected president as a great reformer, and denying that Lincoln's official duties as the nation's chief executive at any time deflected this personal hatred of slavery, Dr. Warren cited proofs for his contention, and then delved into the background and early environment of Lincoln which bred his hatred of the injustice of slavery, his determination that in this nation all men be free.

Says Lincoln Debated Here as Reformer, Not Politician, L. A. Warren Tells Quincyans. (2)

Dr. Warren sketched the history of that central section of Kentucky where Lincoln was born, and traced the very early development there of anti-slavery sentiment. Born in such an environment, of parents undoubtedly affected by their associations there, he contended that from earliest days Lincoln believed slavery unjust, and that later experiences confirmedthis belief and made it the burning moral question that it became to him.

Lincoln's observationof the slave markets in New Orleans when as a boy he made a trip there on a flat boat, his later observations there and on the slave boats of the Ohio and Mississippi undoubtedly had a profound effect upon him, Dr. Warren agreed, but his hatred of slavery went even farther back into very childhood. He cited writings of Lincoln and other evidence to support this contention.

Particularly did Dr. Warren deny the charge made by many against Lincoln that his anti-slavery stand was in some measure one of political expediency. Citing the oft-repeated letter to Horace Greeley in which Lincoln the president stated that his paramount issue was to save the Union at any cost, whether it meant freeing none, some or all Negroes, Dr. Warren pointed out that the closing paragraph of this famous open letter is too often overlooked.

"I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

Dr. Warren not only presented an able argument for his belief in the early hatred of slavery by Lincoln, and an impressive account of the great emancipator as a great reformer, but included inhis address a sketch of the world stature of the simple and great man from the Illinois prairies, concluding his address impressively with a brief statement:

"I doubt whether we shall see his like again."

--- address by
Dr. Louis A. Warren.
Dedication of Memorial Commemorating the
Lincoln-Douglas Debate at Quincy, Ill.

--- The Herald-Whig.
Quincy, Illinois.
October 14, 1936.

1933

Lincoln ---

Lincoln's 'Lost Speech,' as Reconstructed, in Collection.

"It was too good to remember," "Long John" Wentworth, pioneer editor of Chicago, said to his fellow townsmen when he returned home from Bloomington, Illinois, where he heard Abraham Lincoln deliver his now famous "lost speech," May 29, 1856, on the birthday of the republican party of Illinois.

Forty years afterward, Mr. Lincoln's friend and fellow circuit rider, Henry C. Whitney, who also heard that speech, reconstructed it out of the full set of notes he made in Major's Hall over Humphrey's Cheap Store, near the courthouse square.

Probably the nearest to the original draft of Mr. Whitney's version of the "lost speech" which moved men and women to tears and caused veteran newspaper men to drop their pencils and forget to take longhand notes because of their absorption, is now on exhibition at the Chicago Book and Art Auctions, Inc., 410 South Michigan Avenue (Chicago, Ill.).

It is a part of the Lincoln collection of John Scripps Little, whose uncle, John Locke Scripps, was the author of the "Wigwam Edition," the campaign biography of the "Rail-splitter."

"Long John" Wentworth, then editor of the Chicago Democrat, was one of those veterans of the press of that day who were so absorbed they couldn't remember the speech.

However, Mr. Whitney kept to his purpose, according to the tale he told Ida Tarbell, a Lincoln biographer, and not only made a complete set of notes but on going that night to Judge Davis' home in Bloomington, where Whitney and Lincoln stayed, the notes were enlarged.

On sixteen pages of Mr. Whitney's Boston office stationery under date of 1898 approximately 10,000 words of this speech were typed in purple ink. No claim was ever made by Mr. Whitney that the speech is in full, but he held that the argument is correct, and in many cases the notes previously made were so exact that paragraphs are undisputably just as Mr. Lincoln spoke them.

It shows clearly enough that the Great Emancipator was a careful student of the evolution of the democratic philosophy as enunciated by Thomas Jefferson.

In the "lost speech" he said among other things: "Thomas Jefferson, the great apostle of both party and real democracy, mindful of the moral elements of humanity, solemnly declared that he 'trembled for his country when he remembered that God was just'; while Judge Douglas, with an insignificant wave of his hand, omits all

1933

consideration of the black men in the equation of freedom or slavery."

This manuscript and many other Lincoln documents, books, pamphlets, portraits and autographs will be sold at auction tomorrow and Thursday.

-- by Gifford Ernest.

-- The Daily News.
Chicago, Illinois.
June 13, 1933.

1934

Lincoln ---

Lost Lincoln Picture is Found Through Story of Pittsfield History.

A "lost" picture of Abraham Lincoln, taken in Pittsfield on October 1, 1858, has been found. A recent story in the Republican of two Lincoln "sittings" in Pittsfield at the height of the joint of the joint debates brings to light the story of the second picture which was supposed to have been destroyed and which has been referred to as the "lost Pittsfield picture of Lincoln." The missing picture is in the possession of Rev. Henry A Morton, 611 Lamar Ave., Wichita Falls, Texas. Rev. Morton is a son of Mrs. Lizzie (Lame) Morton, former Pittsfield girl, now a resident of Fallon, Nevada.

From Miss Mattie Fiske and Mrs. Mary (Lame) Morgan of this city the Republican first learned of the missing picture. The story of how it came into the Lame family is an interesting one.

It was on October 1, 1858 that Lincoln addressed a huge crowd in the courthouse square here in Pittsfield. He had come to answer the "Little Giant," Stephen A. Douglas, who had spoken here earlier in the senatorial campaign of that year. Following the afternoon address, Lincoln sat for two pictures in Calvin Jackson's portable canvas gallery located at the northeast corner of the square on the site of the present Sedberry building. Lincoln gave one of the ambrotypes to his friend, Dick Gilmer, at whose home at the southeast corner of the square he had taken dinner in company with a noted gathering, of whom all are dead. After giving the picture to Gilmer, the two sat for a long time on the curb in front of Gilmer's law office on the east side of the square, with their feet in the gutter, swapping stories, and surrounded by a group of the town's early notables.

Following the death of the heroic "Colonel Dick" in the battle of Chickamauga, September 10, 1863, the Gilmer picture became the prized possession of the daughter, Miss Lizzie Gilmer. Later it passed to the Gunther Lincoln collection in Chicago where it became known as the "Ruined Picture of Lincoln", due to an accidental mutilation. The picture is now in the Oliver Barrett Lincoln collection in Chicago. Numerous copies and prints were made of the picture before it met with defacement and one of the reprints, clipped recently by Charles Long of Chester, Pennsylvania from a Philadelphia newspaper and sent here

to his sister, Mrs. Emma (Long) Sharpe, was the background for the recent Republican story that has brought to light the second of the two pictures posed by Lincoln on his 1858 visit here.

There was much astir among the people of Pittsfield on September 30, 1858 as Lincoln was coming the next day. Preparations for a celebration in his honor were on foot. Men and women were busy making ready to welcome their leader. In front of the old Charles Lame shop on East Washington, where the Charles Aber residence now is, a campaign cannon was being primed and tried out for the celebration. In the old Lame home on East Fayette, where the Ray Kellys now live, ladies of the Rebekah lodge were assembled to make a flag to be used on the stand in the Court House park from which Lincoln was to speak. It was a merry gathering. Suddenly the merry-making ceased. Bad news had reached the household. A man who boarded with the Lames arrived and told those assembled of an accident that had occurred in front of the Lame shop. Charles Lame (the elder) had been frightfully hurt by the premature explosion of the cannon. One arm had been slithered and his face burned. The man reported that he was being carried to his home by his friends. All was excitement.

At the moment that the Lincoln cannon, which was being fired by Frank Scanland, exploded prematurely, Mr. Lame had his thumb over the vent. The ramrod used to ram home the charge of powder was rammed up Mr. Lame's right arm, slithering the arm in a frightful manner. The ramrod was hurled from the location of the cannon in front of the Lame shop on East Washington, a distance of more than a block, striking a tree on Piper Lane on the property which is now the home of Mrs. M. J. Webster.

Later the ramrod was incorporated into a pants pressing board for Mrs. Lame. This was long in the possession of the Lame family and Mrs. Mary Morgan of this city, a daughter of the elder Charles R. Lame, remembered it well but is unable to say what finally became of the prized relic. Mrs. Morgan also recalls that a school teacher named Carr lived with and attended her father through his weeks of suffering following the accident.

Mr. Lame was terribly injured. Rebecca Lame, a daughter then nine years old, writing of the incident from her home in Fallon, Nevada, says: "The doctor said of course his right arm would have to come off.

But our old Dr. Norris said, 'We will call in the new doctor' (Dr. J. H. Ledlie). He said 'No', So it was saved".

Following the accident there occurred one of the most interesting things in local history. Nature, taking a hand in the Lame case, introduced a method that is now winning the approval of modern science. Through the unscreened windows of the period, Old Mother Nature, the great Nurse, introduced her maggots into the slithered arm. These cleansed and disinfected the wounds and helped the skilled surgeon, Ledlie, save the arm. Ledlie, later, during the Civil War, achieved distinction as a staff surgeon and medical director of the Thirteenth Union Army Corps. Many a time he operated alone and unaided, successfully performing operations that now require a hospital, nurses and trained attendants. The maggot system of cleansing, accidental and unavoidable in this early Pittsfield case, is now becoming an approved method of treatment in such cases.

Lincoln, upon his arrival in Pittsfield the following day, heard of the accident that had happened to Mr. Lame. Lincoln wanted to go to the Lame home to see his suffering friend. The doctor, however, was afraid of having Mr. Lame disturbed as he was suffering greatly from the injuries to his arm and the burns on his face. Lincoln then said that he wanted his friend to have a picture. And so it was that he sat for a second picture on that memorable afternoon of October 1, 1858. This picture was handed down by the elder Charles Lame to his daughter, Lizzie, who married Al Morton and who is now a resident of Fallon, Nevada; as is her sister, Rebecca Lame. From Mrs. Morton the picture has passed to her son, Henry A. Morton of Wichita Falls, Texas, in whose possession it now is.

The two pictures of Lincoln taken in Pittsfield on October 1, 1858, belong to a very limited group of "beardless pictures" of the Great Emancipator. Lincoln, in these two ambrotypes, is smooth-shaven. His tousled hair has not recently been sheared. He is dressed plainly and his bunglesome black tie is awkwardly tied. The ambrotypes show him at the age of 49 and in the midst of one of the greatest forensic encounters in history.

--- by Jess M. Thompson.
Pike County Republican.
Pittsfield, Illinois.
May 23, 1934.

Law — Pittsfield. Pike Co. Ill. (L)

— Find Records of Lincoln Case in Local Court. (Pittsfield)
— P. C. R. April 2, 1941.
(Pike County History. Book 1. (p. 28)
(1B. 8-11)

— 1839 — Ingram use of Mahannah vs Gibbs: Certiorari. The Clk of the Circuit Court will make copy of the judgt order granting appeal and appeal bond and direct the same to A. Lincoln, Springfield. Dec. 18, 1839.

A. Wheeler.
Atty for the Plaintiff.

Abraham Lincoln } Attorneys for
Alpheus Wheeler } Gibbs.

Daniel (Dick) H. Gilmer.
Attorney for Ingram.

Note: Not listed in book: Lincoln: 1809-1839. Evidently this record had not been discovered at the time the book was published.

Pittsfield, Pike County, Ill. (L)

Did Lincoln and Douglas Debate in Pittsfield?

- Centenarian Says Lincoln, Douglas Did Debate in Town. (Pittsfield. 1858)
  - P.C.R. 12-30-1936. (p.30) X
  (Pike County History. Book 3) X
  Note: Statement of Isaiah Varner of the Versailles - Chambersburg neighborhood.

- J. A. Francis Said He Heard Lincoln-Douglas Debate. (Pittsfield. 1858)
  - P.C.R. 2-10-1937.
  (Pike County History. Book . - p. 33)
  Note: Statement of J. A. Francis of Rockport. This item also includes a statement by Mrs. Henry Lusk of Pittsfield that there was a debate in 1858.

- Mrs. Alice Isanogle, Said to Be a Pike Native, Dies.
  - P.C.R. 2-15-1939.
  (Pike County History. Book . - p. 33)
  Note: Mrs. Isanogle of Lincoln, Illinois, was born near Pittsfield on November 20, 1843. She states that there was a Lincoln-Douglas debate in Pittsfield. (1858)

Lincoln — 1951
(1)

Hancock Co. Illinois.
— Mrs. Alice Lincoln McManus

Lincoln family .... two main lines of descent.

Abraham Lincoln I was the common ancestor.

Mordecai, Thomas and Josiah were sons of Abraham Lincoln I. Josiah died when quite young.

Thomas Lincoln married Nancy Hanks and was father of Abraham Lincoln, the President.

Mordecai Lincoln married Mary Mudd of Baltimore, Maryland.

The homestead village of Mordecai Lincoln and Mary Mudd was Fountain Green, Illinois

They came from Kentucky in 1830.

They had 3 sons; one of whom was named Abraham.

Abraham Lincoln was ~~the~~ the first justice of the peace at Fountain Green, Ill.

Mordecai Lincoln, Jr. Never married.

Lincoln — 1951

(2)

Hancock Co., Illinois.
— Mrs. Alice Lincoln McManus.

James Bloomfield Lincoln married Frances Day

They had two sons: James Riley Lincoln and Thomas Jefferson Lincoln.

James Riley Lincoln married Margaret Gibbons. Their children:

Alice Lincoln } twins
Carrie "
Stephen Thomas Lincoln
William "
John Robert "
Katherine " (Riggs)
Charles Richard "

Alice Lincoln married Thomas McManus and they have three children.

None of the other children have living descendants who bear the Lincoln name.

Mrs. Alice Lincoln McManus believes she is the last living relative of President Abraham Lincoln bearing the Lincoln name. She was 77 years old at the time this article was written.

— Chicago Sun-Times
February 11, 1951

— See article:
"She is last of 4 generations of
Illinois Lincolns."
— by Keith Wheeler.
— Chicago Sun-Times
2-11-1951.

Lincoln —

1951

(3)

Hancock County, Illinois:

The Mc Manus Family of Carthage, Illinois,
— Mrs. Alice Lincoln Mc Manus,

The Lincoln family had divided into two main lines of descent. The common ancestor was Abraham Lincoln I.

Notes: "She is last of 4 Generations of Illinois Lincolns."
— by Keith Wheeler,
— Sun-Times, Chicago
February 11, 1951.

Note: Saturday. October 23, 1858.
Fountain Green, Ill.
La Harpe, Ill.

Lincoln visits relatives in these towns, and in the evening speaks in the Methodist Church at La Harpe.

— see: Lincoln, 1854-1861
(page 251)

Note: "The Lincolns of Hancock County, Ill."
— by Marcy Bodine, Macomb, Ill.
— a paper read at the Annual Meeting Illinois State Historical Society, at Quincy, Illinois.
May 12-13, 1939.

- check for copy of this item.

Lincoln — Notes —

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Abraham Lincoln †

Abraham Lincoln, son of John Lincoln of Virginia, moved from Virginia into Kentucky about 1780.

Paragraph I — He had five children at this time, Mordecai, ~~the eldest~~ Josiah, Thomas, Mary and Nancy. Mordecai was the eldest son and Thomas the youngest while Mary was the eldest daughter.

Note: these items from:

The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln
— Ida M. Tarbell
J. McCan Davis
— S.S. McClure, Limited,
New York. 1896. (L-58)

Note: between the years of 1635 and 1645, 8 men ~~of~~ bearing the name of Lincoln came from the west of England to the town of Hingham, Mass. Daniel, Samuel and Thomas Lincoln were brothers. Their relation to the others, if any, is not clear. Daniel and Thomas died without heirs. Samuel left a large family, including 4 sons. X Mordecai Lincoln was the 4th son.
— from the introduction.

Note: Mordecai Lincoln. See introduction and check Barton's "Lineage of Lincoln."

Lincoln —

Abraham Lincoln —

① Abraham Lincoln, son of John Lincoln, was a farmer. Selling his land in Virginia, he ~~emigrated~~ and his family emigrated to Kentucky about ~~1780~~ 1788. He had five children at this time, ~~his third son being~~ Thomas Lincoln being his third son. X

② He entered a generous amount of land — 400 acres on Long Run, in Jefferson County; 800 acres on Green River, near Green River Lick; 500 acres in Campbell County. He settled near the first tract, where he undertook to clear a farm. It was a dangerous task. The Indians were still troublesom, and the settlers, for protection, were forced to live in or near forts or stations. According to tradition in the Lincoln family, Abraham Lincoln lived in one of these stockades.

③ All went well with him and his family until 1788.* Then, one day, while he and his three sons were at work in their clearing, an unexpected Indian shot killed the father. 7

④ Soon after the death of Abraham Lincoln, his widow moved from Jefferson County to Washington County. Mordecai, the

eldest son, inherited nearly all of the large estate, becoming a well-to-do and popular citizen. The deed-book of Washington County shows records of ~~number~~ lands bought & sold by him. At one time he was sheriff of his county and he later served as its representative in the State Legislature.

(5) He remained in Kentucky until late in life, moving to Hancock County, Illinois, in 1830.

(6) Of Josiah Lincoln, the second son, very little is known. Records show that he owned and sold land and but little more is known. He left Kentucky when a young man, to settle on the Blue River, in Harrison County, Indiana, and there he died.

(7) The daughters married into well-known Kentucky families: Mary, the eldest married Ralph Crume and Nancy married William Brumfield.

(8) Thomas Lincoln was 10 years old at the time of his father's death. It seems that he did not inherit any of his father's estate and so he was obliged to shift for himself. For several years he supported himself by rough farm work of all kinds, learning in

the meantime, the trade of carpenter and cabinet-maker. One of his acquaintances said, "Tom had the best set of tools in Washington County and was a good carpenter for those days." He also shared the pioneer's love for land. When he was 25 year old he was able to buy a farm in Hardin County, Kentucky. None of his biographers have ever called attention to this fact, if they knew it, but ~~it~~ was verified by a search of the ~~records of~~ Hardin County ~~records~~ Records ~~verified the fact~~.

(9) Thomas Lincoln learned his trade as carpenter in Elizabethtown, in the shop of one Joseph Hanks. There he met a niece of his employer, Nancy Hanks, whom, when he was 28 years old, he married.

(10) Thomas and Nancy Hanks Lincoln were married near Beechland, in Washington County, Kentucky, on June 12, 1806.

Quarterly —

Abraham Lincoln Association.

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